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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Key Position

THE composition of the forthcoming London conference on the Suez Canal dispute possesses its own special significance, which deserves study. In choosing the 24 nations to be invited to the deliberations the Big Three did not confine themselves to those countries who were signatories of the 1888 Convention, or to leading shipping powers.

In the final analysis it can be seen that a considerable burden of responsibility has been thrown upon Asian powers, for in addition to Middle Eastern representatives from Turkey, Iraq and Egypt, invitations have been issued to, and accepted by, seven countries East of Suez—Ceylon, India, Pakistan, Indonesia, Japan, Australia and New Zealand.

Inclusion of so high a proportion of Asian states, many of whom have close and friendly relations with Egypt, suggests that at least Egyptian views will be aired and given a fair hearing. It also makes certain, were any doubts to be entertained on the score, that any agreed solution that may emerge from the conference will fully safeguard Egypt's interests.

The nations of Asia and the Far East therefore hold what may be reasonably regarded as a key position in the forthcoming conference. Nor is this inconceivable, for in any foreseeable period, the countries of Asia and the Far East have as close, and indeed as desperate an interest in every aspect of the future of the Suez Canal as any. It is an international artery vital to their well-being, if not to their survival.

The attitude of countries such as Turkey, Iraq, Ceylon, India, Pakistan, Indonesia and Japan must have a profound influence on the conference; could render it productive or sterile. Many of them will find it hard, some perhaps impossible, to subordinate their sympathies for what Egypt calls her national rights to the much more compelling demand for the guaranteed perpetuation of the canal as a waterway open to all shipping. They will have to search their hearts in order to decide what are the proper principles upon which the dispute should be settled and have the courage and wisdom to avoid the narrow and emotional calls of nationalism. There is a heavy responsibility.

"We Will Destroy The Canal" Says Ex-Propaganda Minister

Cairo Mass Rally

Call For General Strike

Cairo, Aug. 10.

A mass rally in Cairo's Liberation Square tonight called for a general strike in all Arab and Moslem countries on August 15, the eve of the London conference on the Suez Canal.

The rally, presided over by the Egyptian Minister of Education, called for the voluntary mobilization of all Arab and Moslem youth in defence of the canal and the nationalization of the canal.

It proclaimed the immediate nationalization of the canal and the mobilization of youth of Moslem and Arab nations and free nations participating in the rally and to them to carry arms in the battle for freedom and dignity along the Nile.

The rally was attended by thousands of youth of all Arab and Moslem countries, including China and Yugoslavia. Most of these youth are living in Egypt.

The rally was sponsored by the Egyptian youth for the struggle for the liberation of Moslem countries.

Other resolutions passed included one denouncing "all imperialist attempts to interfere in the internal affairs of Egypt."

About 2,000 people attended the rally. **REUTERS.**

REBEL ATTACK

Algerian rebels attacked several railway stations in the Bone Department today but were driven off by guards. No casualties were caused.

A rebel store dump was reported to have been destroyed 14 kilometres from Souk-Ahras, in the same region.

A French patrol also killed two rebels near Toustain, also in the Bone Department. One of the rebels was a political official and the other a rebel fund collector. **France-Press.**

EGYPT REFUSES TO HAND IT OVER

London, Aug. 11.

Former Egyptian Minister, Major Salah Salem, told the London Daily Sketch in a telephone interview that Egypt would destroy the Suez Canal rather than let it pass out of her control.

He told the Daily Sketch: "There is no point in Egypt attending the international conference in London on August 16."

Salem, popularly known in Britain as "the dancing Major", was Minister for National Guidance and in charge of Sudanese affairs until ousted from the Government in September, 1955.

Salem explained to the Daily Sketch that Sir Anthony Eden had already stated his policy and that this policy was not acceptable to Egypt. "If the British Government is going to continue the policy it declared yesterday, there will be no compromise. The result is going to be war," he added.

Salem said: "Though you may annihilate our troops, you will never have the canal. We can easily bury it. The banks will be exploded. Every inch of the canal could be destroyed. Already we are prepared for this."

"23,000,000 Nassers"

"Already we can cut the canal at any point we wish. We will destroy it. You may rebuild it, but you will need a million soldiers to guard it," Salem said.

Major Salem declared: "Eden has said several times during the last few days that he insists on international control of the canal. Egypt will object to that."

Salem said: "Eden said the removal of Nasser will solve Britain's problem. He is wrong. There are 23,000,000 Nassers in Egypt with the same idea as the Colonel."

Major Salem said: "We are waiting to know what is the purpose of all these warships in the Mediterranean. What is your next move to be?"

He said that Egypt was "waiting to see what will happen."

The former Minister said he had no power in the Egyptian Government now, but talked with President Gamal Abdel Nasser almost every day. **France-Press.**

SUEZ SIDELIGHTS

Cairo, Aug. 10. A member of the Greek parliament said today Britain could expect added troubles on the island of Cyprus during the current Suez crisis.

Stating he was treasurer of the Cyprus Anti-British EOKA guerrilla group along with his parliamentary role, Savas Loukidis said the extremists intend to "increase their fight against the British" to make it difficult for Britain to use the strategic eastern Mediterranean island for bases against Egypt.

Egyptian Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser has postponed his visit to the Soviet Union "in view of present circumstances".

An official source announced in Cairo. After a 50-minute talk today with the Soviet Ambassador to Egypt, Eugene Kisselov, the Egyptian Premier conferred with members of his Cabinet, Carlo radio reported.

A total of six 2,000 ton passenger liners belonging to the Orient Line may be diverted to the Cape route to avoid passing through the Suez Canal, it was disclosed in Capetown today.

Since the start of the canal crisis on July 26, a total of 16 British ships have called at the Cape after being diverted from the Canal. **United Press and France-Press.**

8 Seriously Injured In Explosion On Ship

Lewes, Delaware, Aug. 10.

Eight crewmen were burned seriously today when an explosion ripped the engine room of the German freighter ss Heidelberg in lower Delaware Bay. The blast sent a flash of fire across the engine room, but it did not spread to other sections of the 277-foot vessel, bound for Philadelphia with a cargo of iron ore.

It was reported at first that 10 crewmen were killed and 12 injured, but Commander Roseluck Edwards, Coast Guard, Port of Philadelphia, said a check with Captain Heinz Nauersberger revealed a casualty list of only eight burned.

BADLY BURNED

The injured were taken from the 1,595-ton Heidelberg by four Coast Guard vessels sent to the scene at the first inkling of trouble. They were admitted to Lehigh Hospital, which described them as "badly burned."

The injured were: chief engineer Wolf Gangsharr, 2nd engineer Herbert Gueldecker, 3rd engineer Kurt Uhlig, engineer assistants Werner Kern and Jorgensen Schwittner, officers Paul Gussnitz and Helmut Krupphoff and cook Alfred Brudt. The German vessel was never in any danger of sinking and the Coast Guard reported her "safely anchored." She was unable to move under her own power. **United Press.**

Crowds Battle Indian Police

Ahmedabad, Aug. 10.

Three people, two of them children, were killed when police fired on rioters in Ahmedabad today for the third day running.

Two others were killed and three injured in a clash between police and rioters in Kailash, 10 miles away.

Police in Ahmedabad used tear gas and opened fire six times to quell rioters who were protesting against the plan to create an enlarged Bombay State with Marathi and Gujarati as the official languages.

20 Police Injured

Disorders broke out in other Gujarati-speaking areas around Ahmedabad. Twenty policemen were injured by stone-throwing mobs in Baroda, and 19 in Broach. Many schools, businesses and shops were closed all day.

In New Delhi, the House of the People, the lower house, passed the bill to reorganize state boundaries, including the Bombay State scheme voted on separately yesterday.

Prime Minister, Jawahar, appealed to the country to accept parliament's verdict. He accused opposition members of provoking the Ahmedabad riots. Opposition members vehemently denied this. **Reuter.**

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of today's feature highlights:
P. 5: Don Iudon says Hollywood is just a "slave market." London's new gambling racket, by Gordon Donaldson.
P. 6: Chapter 2 of "The Rise and Fall of Curtis-Bennett."
P. 7: Concluding David Wynne-Morgan's series on the Italian painter, Pietro Annigoni.
P. 8: A topical biography on "That Man Nasser," by Donald Edgar.
P. 9: Women's page news of the Paris autumn fashion show, starting with the Dior collection.
P. 13: Must automation bring unemployment? In his third article, Paul Elzing answers the question.
P. 17: Namesakes — a fascinating new puzzle begins.

FAINT HOPE REVIVED FOR TRAPPED MINERS

Marcinelle, Belgium, Aug. 10.

Hopes rose again for some 254 coal miners, trapped half a mile below ground for the past two days, tonight with an official announcement that the air just above where they were trapped appeared to be pure.

Andre van den Heuvel, chief of the Belgian Mine Administration, announced to the waiting crowd of anxious relatives outside that rescue workers penetrated to a depth of 907 metres tonight and took an air sample. The analysis by newly-arrived German experts indicated it was "breathable."

A murmur went through the weary crowd of relatives of the missing men, but after their 60 hours' vigil there was no open cheering at the first good news since fire in the main shaft entombed the men at 8.30 a.m. on Wednesday.

One woman whose brother was trapped in the mine began to weep quietly.

Mr van den Heuvel also said the cloud of gas disappeared at the 907-metre level.

The mine director announced to the press that following this analysis, a team of rescue workers had gone down to the 907-metre level in the pit lift and verified that there was no smoke or water vapour in the gallery.

Small Cave-In

The party also noticed a small cave-in and a fire at the entry to the gallery but this was thought to be passable. The temperature was normal and the air breathable.

A second technical team was due to go down to test working conditions at this level, but no further results were expected before the early morning. Meanwhile, tents have been erected at the pit-head to allow older persons to snatch a few troubled hours of sleep, protected from the rain.

Shigemitsu Seeks Face-Saving Formula

Moscow, Aug. 10.

A Japanese spokesman said tonight that Mr Shigemitsu, the Japanese Foreign Minister, wanted to try to arrange a private meeting with Mr Dmitri Shepilov, Soviet Foreign Minister, tomorrow.

The spokesman said the Soviet-Japanese drafting committee met for one and a quarter hours and had already agreed on peace treaty clauses dealing with regulation of fishing in the Pacific and also expressing interest in trade expansion.

The committee had not yet considered a clause dealing with Soviet support for Japan's United Nations membership.

Unofficial sources close to the Japanese delegation said it was expected that Mr Shigemitsu would accept a peace treaty without the return of Kunashiri and Iturup islands, providing a "face-saving" formula could be obtained.

These sources said Japan is likely to accept the Soviet draft clause for a peace treaty saying that Japan and Shikotan would be returned, because Japan is greatly interested in these territories, and a protocol would be attached to the treaty laying down one method of the return of these islands.

The sources said it was likely that a treaty would be signed in the middle of next week before Mr Shigemitsu leaves to attend the Suez conference in London.

The treaty is also likely to be accompanied by a declaration stating that the Soviet Union would release the Japanese prisoners still in the Soviet Union as soon as the treaty is ratified and comes into force.

Mr Shigemitsu might also make a visit to a prisoners' camp near Moscow before leaving the Soviet Union.

Japanese sources said Mr Shigemitsu told Mr Khrushchev who played the leading role in today's Kremlin meeting that both sides are agreed on the main point of normalizing relations by means of a peace treaty.

Mr Shigemitsu was quoted as having said that progress could therefore be made through the work of the drafting committee as well as through private talks between himself and Mr Shepilov.

FUTILE TASK

The sources said that Soviet leaders agreed with this statement.

The Japanese sources said this implied Mr Shigemitsu realised it was futile to continue to press for return of Kunashiri and Iturup, and that the drafting committee would be charged with speeding up the work on the remaining articles of the treaty, while Mr Shigemitsu and Mr Shepilov would work privately in order to try to secure a "face-saving" formula over other islands. **Reuter.**

Chou Tells Why

London, Aug. 11.

Chinese Premier Chou En-lai told the visiting Nepalese cultural delegation that the purpose of the invitation to American journalists to come to China was "to enable them to see what actually we are doing."

Mr Chou added: "As to how they report upon their return that matters little." **Reuter.**

Speleologue Record

Grenoble, Aug. 10.

A team of speleologists have beaten their own world record by descending to 3,200 feet below the surface of the earth at the Berger chasm near here, the team's radio reported today.

Yesterday a first team of three men descended to 3,000 feet. **France-Press.**

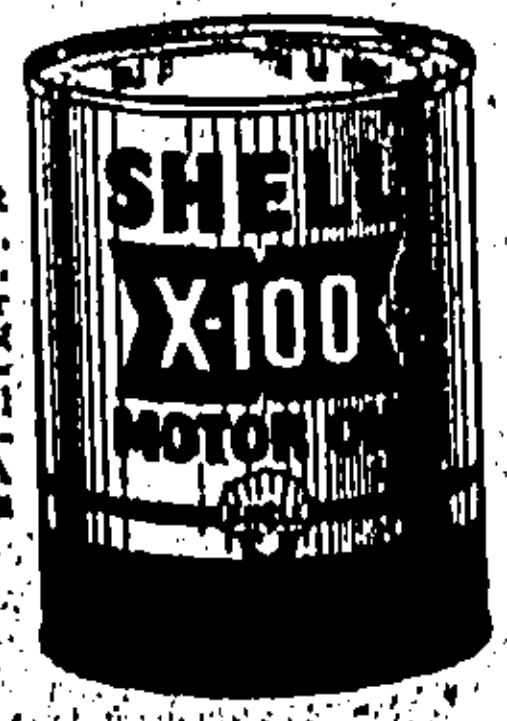


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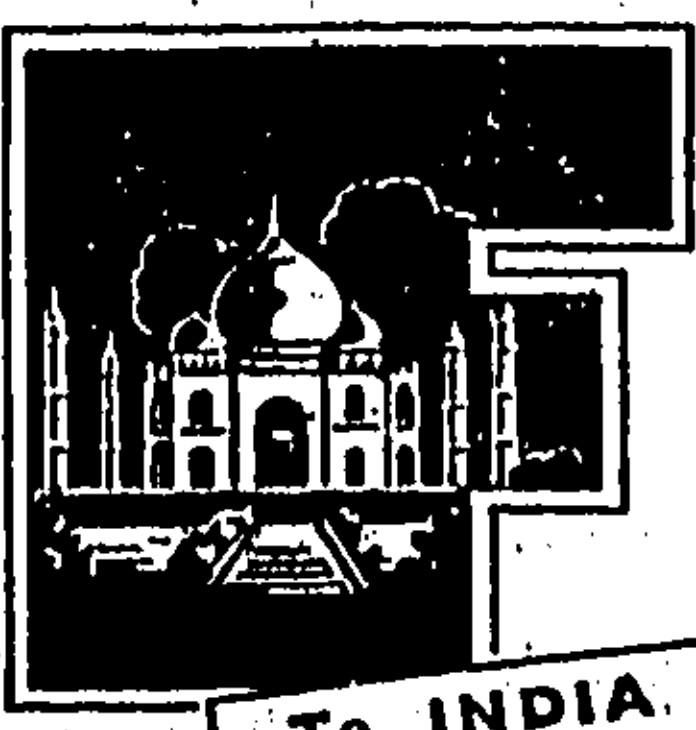
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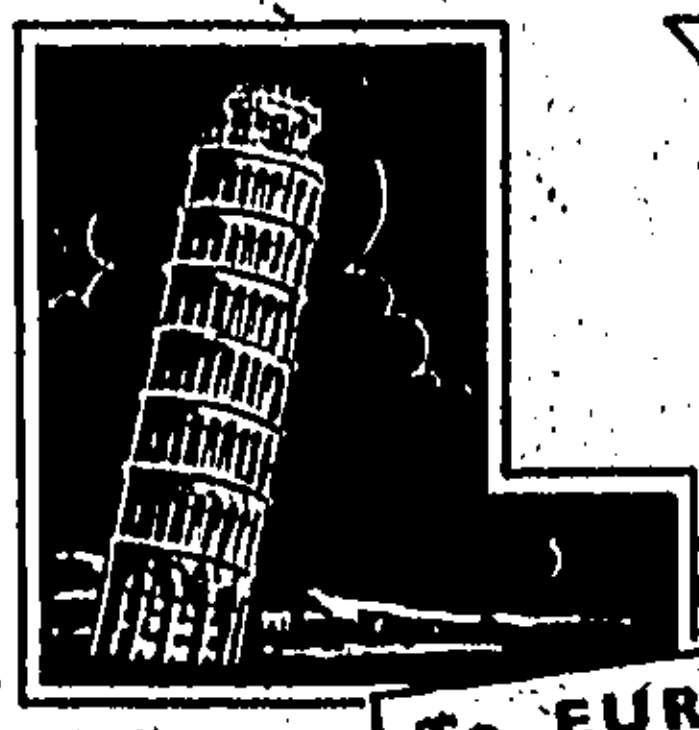
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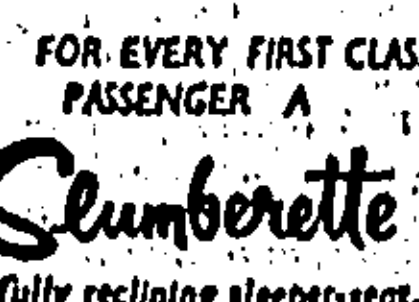
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SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.10 P.M.

NEW YORK: Fox Colour Cartoons
GREAT WORLD: Walt Disney/Technicolor Cartoons

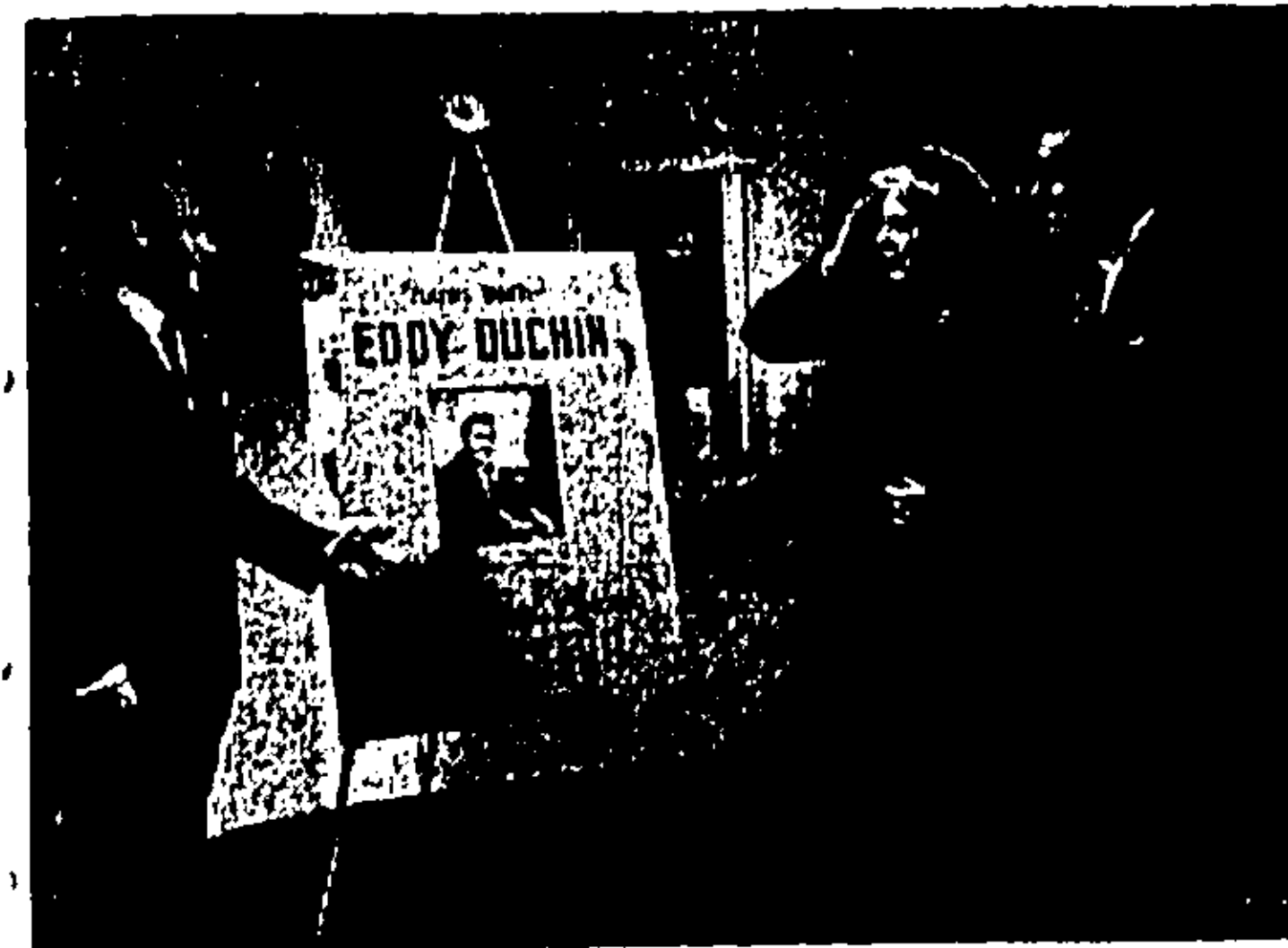
FILMS

Current & Coming
BY JANE ROBERTS

This Week's Films In Pictures



John Braccia and Cyd Charisse in the "Frankie and Johnnie" number from "Meet Me in Las Vegas".



James Whitmore, Kim Novak and Tyrone Power in a scene from "The Eddy Duchin Story".

Even if you are bored with the succession of many-titled heads of movie-making organisations telling you of the wonders of this and that new process, designed to revolutionise the screening of films, you have only to see "Trail of the Lonesome Pine", made over 16 years ago to realise that many of their claims are justified.

It was an epic western of its day, and to be fair, the colour by Technicolor is as good as many processes still used. But there's a lack of depth to the pictures that, seen through our pampered senses of today, tell us only too clearly that it's merely make-believe.

One of the interesting things about "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" is to compare the Fred MacMurray and the Henry Fonda, still at the top in 1939, with the aspiring young men bearing the same name of pre-war years.

I wonder why Sylvia Sidney has worn less well. In spite of the embarrassingly faded nights, the three main stars stand up well under the microscope of Time.

Wagner's Music

It has not been possible to see "Magic Fire" before its release at the New York and Great World this week-end, but whatever may have been done with the actual details of Wagner's life, a glance at the list of excerpts from his works must engage the attention of any music lover.

The Munich Soloists, Orchestra and Choir from the Bavarian State Opera are playing music from "Siegfried", "Gotterdammerung", "Die Walkure", "Rienzi", "The Flying Dutchman", "Lohengrin", "Tristan and Isolde", "Tannhauser", "Die Meistersinger", "Das Rheingold", and "Parsifal" as well as some of Mozart's and Meyerbeer's music. What more could one ask?

The three principal lovers of the anonymous Wagner are Yvonne de Carlo, Valentina Cortese and Rita Gam, while Carlos Thompson grows gracefully old as László Wagner himself is Alan Badel.

It Was Boring

I shall disagree with a lot of people when I say that "The Eddy Duchin Story" didn't move me in the least and that I found it long.

New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER AND LIBERTY: "Meet Me in Las Vegas": Good musical. Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey, Paul Henreid.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Trail of the Lonesome Pine": A re-issue of the western. Fred MacMurray, Henry Fonda, Sylvia Sydney.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Magic Fire": Incidents in the life of Wagner. Yvonne de Carlo, Carlos Thompson.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Eddy Duchin Story": Incidents in the life of the jazz pianist. Tyrone Power, Kim Novak.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "13 Faces to Baker Street": A blind man solves a crime. Van Johnson, Vera Miles, Cedric Parker.

COMING

HOOVER AND LIBERTY: "The Wizard of Oz": For children of all ages. Judy Garland, Frank Morgan.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Escapade": Based on the London stage hit. John Mills, Yvonne Mitchell, Alastair Sims.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "5 Guns West": A western. John Ladd, Dorothy Malone.

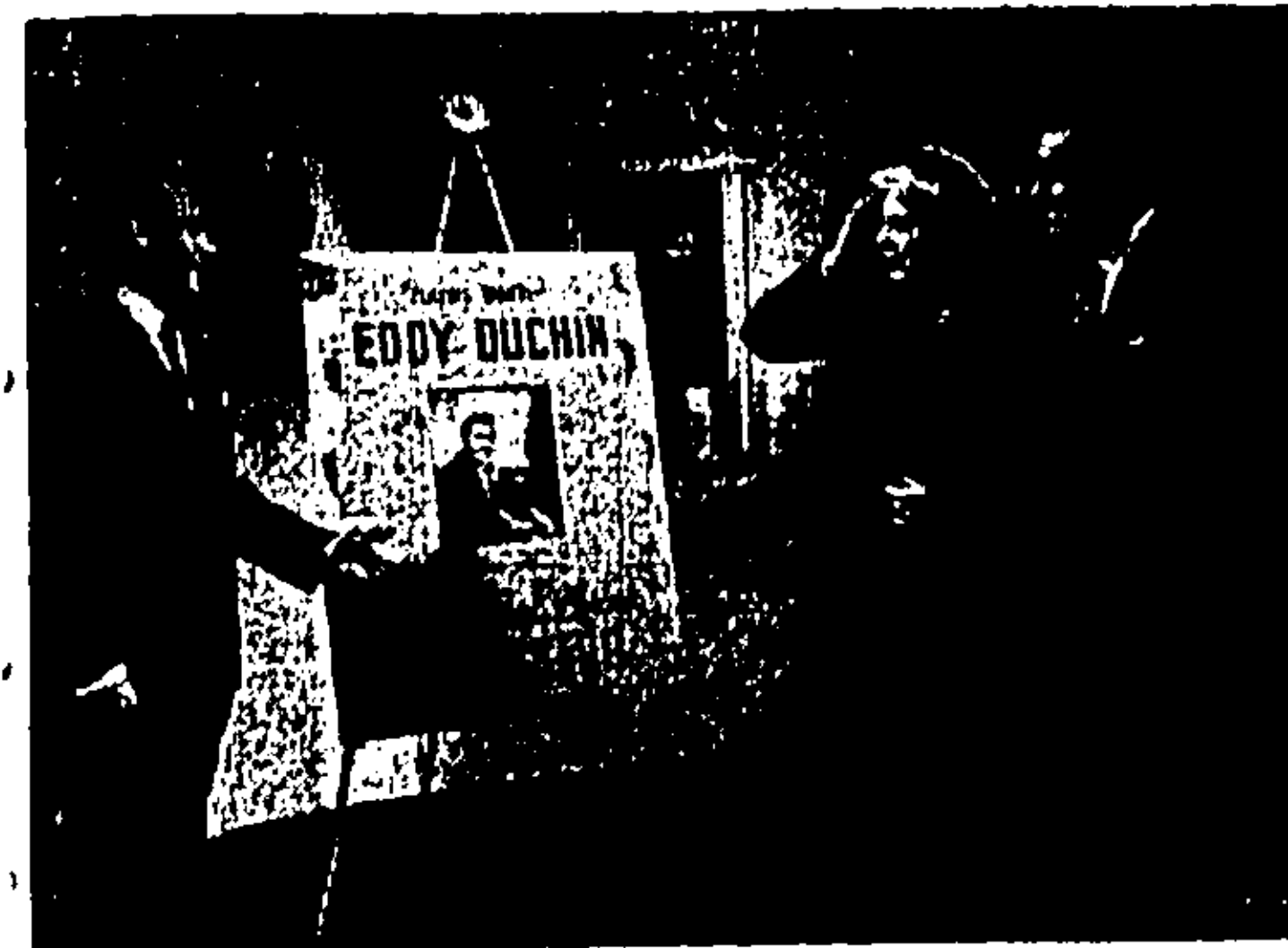
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Luck of the Irish": A western. Clayton Moore, Jay Silverheels.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Proud Ones": A western. Robert Ryan, Virginia Mayo, Jeffrey Hunter.

This Week's Films In Pictures



John Braccia and Cyd Charisse in the "Frankie and Johnnie" number from "Meet Me in Las Vegas".



James Whitmore, Kim Novak and Tyrone Power in a scene from "The Eddy Duchin Story".

drawn out, boring and stickily sentimental.

Perhaps it is from a surfeit of "stories" that my appetite is suffering or possibly from never having acquired a taste for weepies. Whatever the reason, the life and death of the famous piano player of the 30s was not for me.

His light style of playing is agreeable to listen to in small doses—it is comparable enough to Carmen Cavallaro's for that pianist to have dubbed in the piano part successfully—and the brown eyes of Tyrone Power seem almost to be pleading with us to take this short-lived Fortune's darling he is impersonating to our hearts. The merest modicum of restraint might have got it past the barrier and into the "great love story" class.

Unfortunately there were no sentimental stops left unpulled and what must have been a very moving love story in real life, has become just another sob story on the screen.

No More, Please!

Duchin's small boy, left by him, very sensibly to my mind, with his affectionate, wealthy and cultured relations, is shown as a youngster who finds it difficult to acclimatise himself at once to a father he has not seen for many years. Why this dramatic vapourings I cannot imagine. For too much is made of this normal result of a long absence.

This situation is solved, very sensibly, by a friend, played by the new "find" whose dialogue has given her plenty of insight into the mind of a small boy. Unfortunately Miss Shaw is not yet in a position to take advantage of her lines.

The anticipated happy ending just doesn't materialise however, as, having killed off Duchin's first wife, immediately after the birth of the boy, Death once more takes a hand.

The cast move throughout like automatons and the story never really comes to life. Let's hope Hollywood takes a lesson from "The Eddy Duchin Story" and calls a halt to these so-called biographies.

Boyish Escapade

Icarus is a boy who at the age of 16 has solved most of the world's problems. He is never seen in "Escapade", but his actions govern those of most of the adults and all the other youngsters in the film.

How are we to see of his problems?—On newspapers. Comics for grown-ups—only they take them seriously.

On politicians. They hack so hard at trees they forget there's a wood.

manage to inject a certain amount of his own brand of humour into this part.

The principal female in the case is Vera Miles. She is one of these worthy girls who can't take "no" for an answer and feels that although her one-time fiancée has said that marriage is not now for him, it is still plying talking. Sooner or later he will find that she is indispensable and she means to be there before anyone else can take advantage of the breakdown.

A little tired of the molly-coddling he is getting, Van Johnson slips out for a drink in a nearby pub. Through frosted glass, we, the audience, see the silhouettes and the blind author, hears the voices of two people discussing a crime about to be committed. By the time he has grasped all the details they have swept from outside to inside of the pub and back out again.

The Main Fault

The only clues which he can take to the Police are the recollection of a vague perfume, a dropped glove, and some scraps of interrupted conversation.

There is a certain amount of justified scepticism on the part of the London Police and Maurice Denham once again shows what a master he is in the field of character acting. A typical Metropolitan Police Inspector.

Most of the other small parts are taken by competent people and the suspense, on the whole, is well sustained.

The main fault I have to find with this well made mystery thriller is that it doesn't have a more happy hero. The straightforward "whodunnit" part of the picture would have been so much more interesting if it hadn't been complicated by the neurosis of Van Johnson. His pleading together of the projected crime takes on more interest in view of his blindness and the danger in which he stands becomes more menacing as the killer closes in on him because of his handicap, but also because of it, the picture is disturbing because it is, rather than admiration that one feels for what should be the strong man of the plot.

Civil War Film

"5 Guns West", showing mid-week at the New York and Great World after "Magic Fire" (a reminder that if you want to see the latter you'd better not leave it too long) is a western set in the Civil War era of the United States.

The South is forced to employ some bad characters to do some of its work for it and said bad characters act according to their several natures.

Hero and heroine respectively are John Lund and Dorothy Malone.

Film News

American artist, Barbara Bales, whom the Rank Organisation signed recently and who has completed her role in Pinewood's CHECKPOINT, has now made three films in the same studio as Marilyn Monroe.

Marilyn Monroe is just starting work at Pinewood with Sir Laurence Olivier. She and Barbara were both in "All About Eve" and "Let's Make It Legal".

At Pinewood, TIGER IN THE SMOKE is now expected to be filming until early in September.

THE SECRET PLACE is keeping recently-signed Ronald Lewis busy all around the clock. He is rehearsing by day with his new leading lady, Elizabeth Sellars, who is replacing Vivien Leigh in the stage comedy "South Sea Bubble" and then going on night location in London for Pinewood's THE SECRET PLACE.

THE SECRET PLACE is on location in East London. Lewis starts filming at 10.30 p.m. and goes through till dawn.

The Norman Wisdom film, UP IN THE WORLD, has finished location shooting at Woburn Abbey, and in the coming week will alternate between Denham and filming on the lot at Pinewood.

Maureen Swanson is due to start filming at the studio next week in her role opposite Norman Wisdom.

ALL MET BY MOONLIGHT, which Powell and Pressburger began filming in the South of France during the week, will also be on location in Corsica. The unit's brief stay in Corsica will follow studio shooting at Pinewood.

It would be nice to see a happy go lucky Van Johnson again, singing and dancing without that careworn look he wears so frequently in the films he's been making lately.

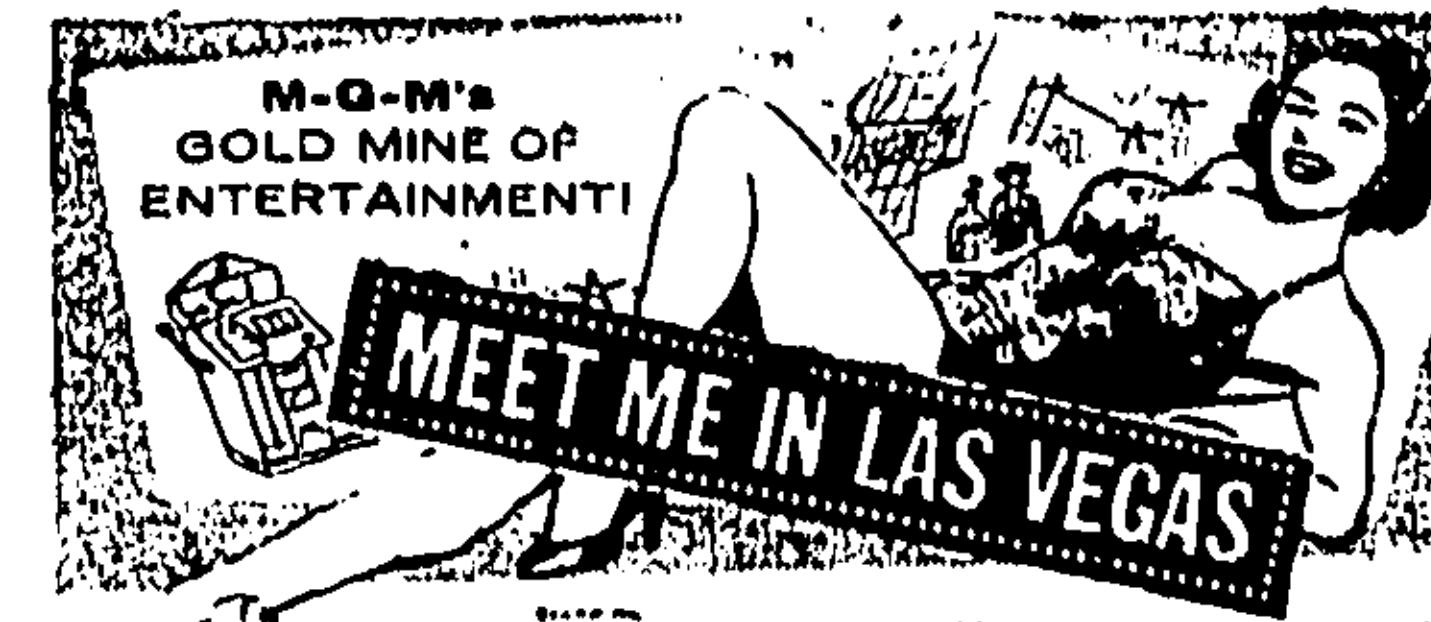
In "13 Faces to Baker Street" he gathers the mantle of morbidity even more firmly about himself by taking the part of a blind playwright—one moreover not happily engrossed in his work, having forgotten his infirmity, but a man, bitter and hurt that his slight should have been taken from him and over-sensitive to the limitations with which it has encumbered him.

The success of his plays enables him to live in a comfortable London flat and to employ a well-educated secretary who also acts as his "general factotum". Cecil Parker, though not a blind man, is not a happy go lucky Van Johnson.

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Glenn Ford

LIBERTY 12.00 Noon
"GLASS SLIPPER"
Leslie Caron

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KIM
NOVAK

THE EDDY
DUCHIN
STORY

TECHNICOLOR CINEMASCOPE A COLUMBIA PICTURE
DIRECTED BY REX THOMPSON • JAMES WHITMORE

TOMORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M.

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AROUND US"

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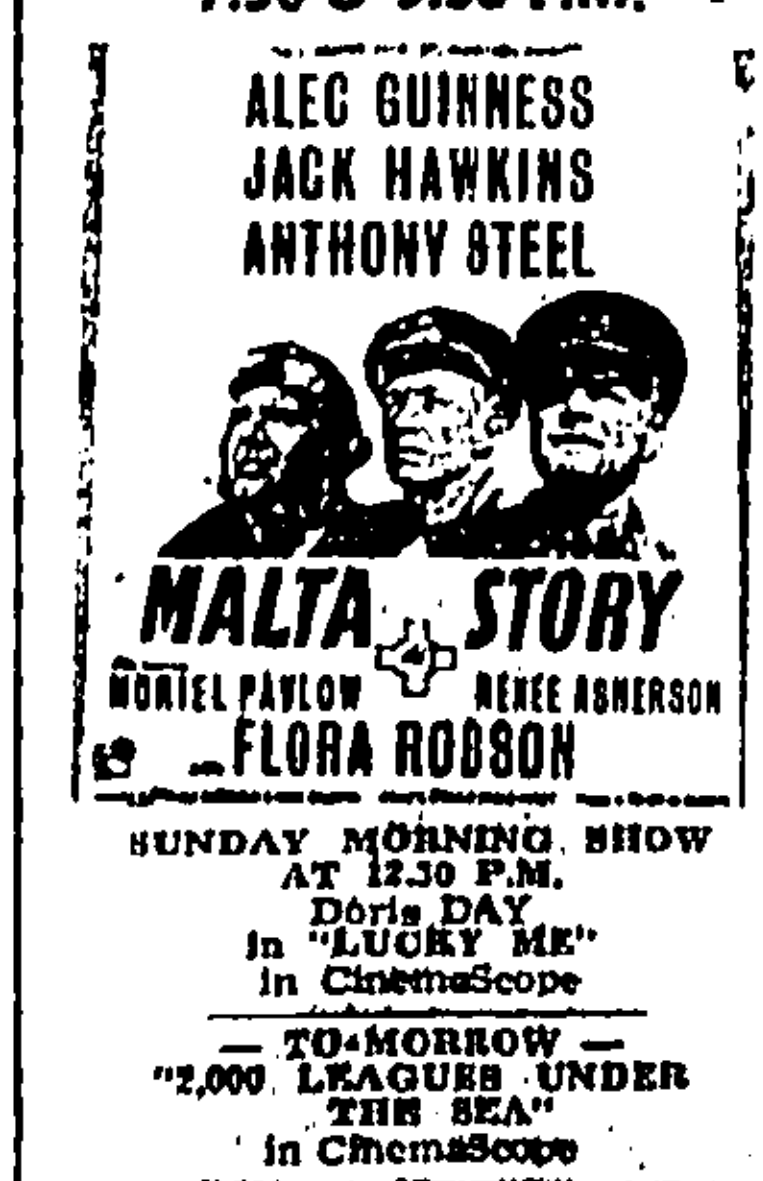
Morning Show To-morrow 12.30
"ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD"



Sunday Morning Show
"SON OF ALI BABA"

CAPITOL RITZ

FINAL AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW
AT 12.30 P.M.
Doris Day
in "HUCKLEBERRY"
in CinemaScope

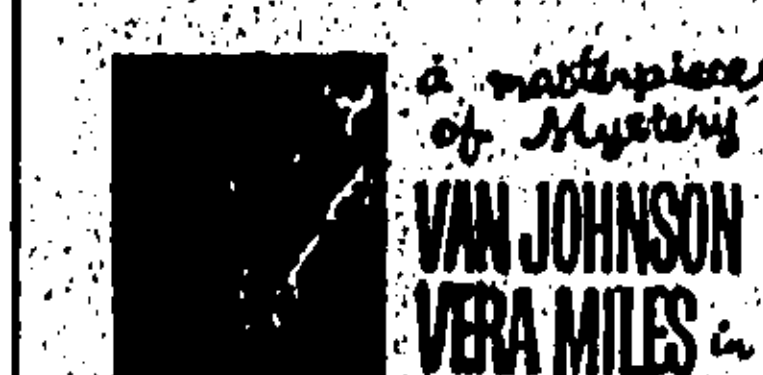
SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



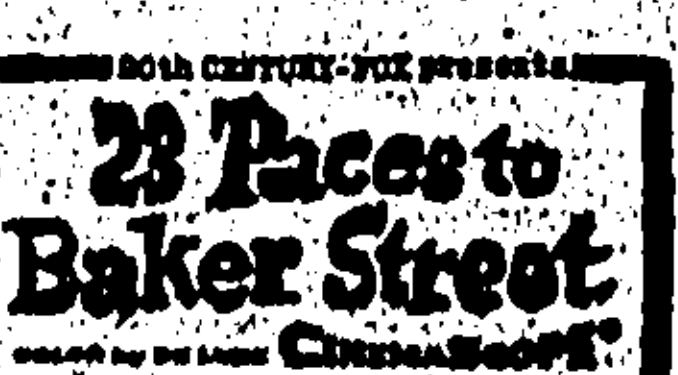
To-morrow Morning Show
"REVENGE OF THE CREATURE"

ROXY BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 11.45 a.m.
20th Century-Fox presents
First CinemaScope Picture
"THE ROBE"
Color by DECA
Starring
Maurice BURNARD
Jean SIMMONS
Reduced Admission
\$1.50-\$1.00 & 70 Cts.



BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
LATEST UNIVERSAL
COLOR CARTOONS
At 12.30 p.m.
Marilyn Monroe in
"RIVER OF NO RETURN"
in CinemaScope & Color
At 1.30 p.m.

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Loosen Your Tongue?

Doctors Find Out What Martinis Really Do To You

New York.

Science has attacked and destroyed yet another of the ideas firmly held by most people for no particular reason — this one being that a martini or two will "loosen the tongue."

He Hates The Site Of The Place

London.

Down in the public bar at Felpham's village pub the local cobbler, Mr. John Smith, asked: "Do you think they'll cut the troops in, then? Have bit of fun and a no make."

For that is what happened in "Cochran's", that naughty, F. C. C. book which as a film broke British box-office records. And Felpham, one of the prettiest villages in Sussex with a population of 1,619 is "Cochran's."

The problem is the same. Someone wants to build the cinema offices in the village. Someone the objects.

Garden View

Both sides intend to fight. The village is divided.

FOR building the cinema, the supporters of Hoggar Urban Council, who planned a £3,000 pavilion for the sports ground and felt it should have all the proper conveniences at the back.

AGAINST building are the followers of Mr Samuel Mendoza, 63-year-old business man, Freeman of London, and member of the Worshipful Company of Plumbers.

The proposed cinema will be almost in his front garden, he says. When he looks out of his dining-room and his lounge he will be able to see nothing else. His five-bedroomed home will lose £10,000 in market value.

Fifteen Feet

Already the first round in the battle has been fought. Mr Mendoza paid the council £50 to cover the cost of holding up building while the planning committee reconsidered the scheme.

"After all that they said they would move it to one side by 15 ft. Fifteen feet! They must think I'm mad. It might as well be up against my wall. I'll fight."

Bull Upset Mayor's Procession

Levico.

An enraged bull besieged the Mayor and police force of Levico the other day until it was chased away by the Army.

The raving animal charged the Mayor of this Alpine town as he was marching to a shepherd's hut at the head of a five-man municipal delegation to hand it over to the new tenants.

The delegation, including two policemen, scrambled for safety. The town hall secretary climbed a tree, and the rest of the party took shelter on a parked tractor.

The bull besieged them, hammering away at the tractor and tree with its horns. A group of workers who tried to help the Mayor were forced to retreat hurriedly.

Infantry soldiers training on the mountains finally rescued the distressed Mayor. They chased off the bull by firing revolver shots at its legs.

250,000 Cures

Brighton.

Surgeon A. Dickson Wright told the British Medical Association conference recently that there were 250,000 people walking the streets of Britain who had been cured of cancer.

"They are the silent people," he said. "They don't talk about it and sometimes they don't even know it themselves, but they are a tribute to what the medical profession has achieved so far." — United Press.

PARDONED MAN DANCED

Now He Goes Back To Gaol For 7 Years

London.

BACK to gaol last week went Leonard Emery, the man who served two years of a ten-year sentence for a crime he did not commit.

This time there was no mistake. At Middlesex Sessions he pleaded GUILTY to shoplifting. And as he left the dock freedom and Leonard Emery were separated by seven years' preventive detention.

In October 1953 it was different. The 30-year-old contractor had pleaded NOT GUILTY to wounding a policeman. He was gaol for ten years but the hope of freedom was always with him.

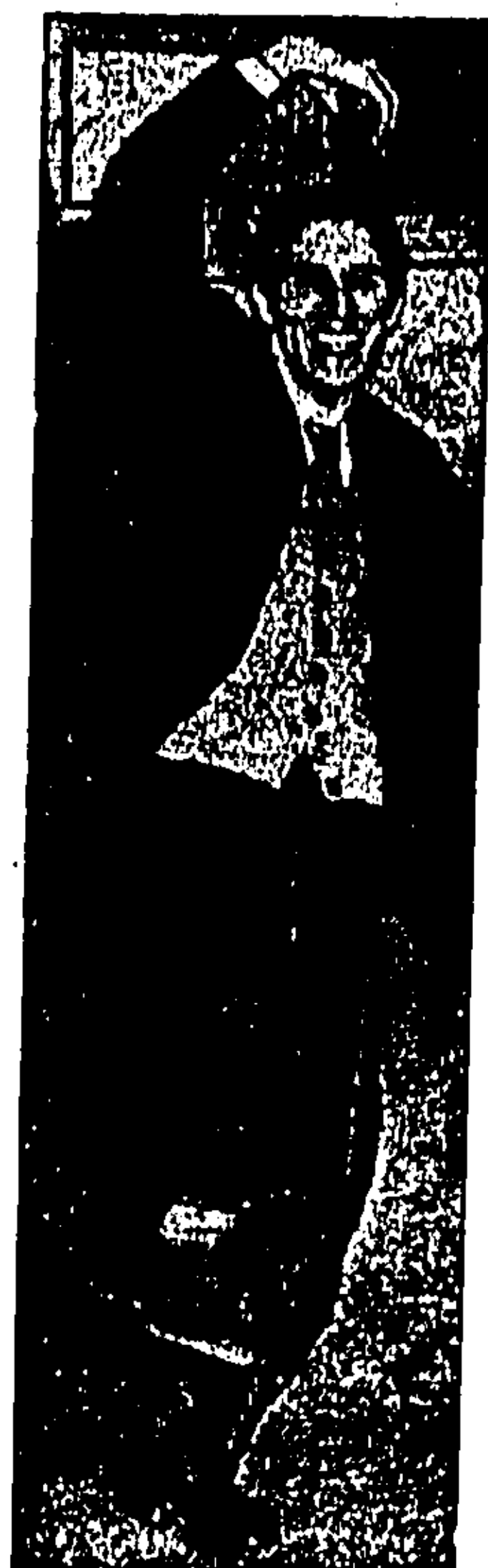
When a pardon last January brought freedom and £300 compensation he started a contractor's business.

In a cell

But trouble followed Emery. Last April he accidentally ran over his father. It was days before Emery knew his father would live.

Nearly three years before he had sat in a prison cell wondering if the policeman he was accused of wounding would recover.

Last week, Mr I. F. Reuben defending produced a letter in Emery's "very beautiful" handwriting. "For the first time in my life I am begging for a chance to prove to my family and the girl I hope to marry that I can be some good."



But the man who "look to drink" after his "acc" two years before in vain. Police were serving the 13th conviction against the name of Leonard Emery, contractor of Rydston Road, Fulham, S.W.

Deadly Spider Drive



Sydney.

A Sydney suburban council is running a "catch-a-funnel-web" campaign.

A "funnel-web" is a species of deadly spider found in parts of Australia.

Killing-pot Town Clerk Mr N. L. Griffiths, said last week: "We've launched the campaign to stamp out this danger on the north side of the harbour."

"Captured live spiders will be sent at once to Melbourne where a German scientist, Dr Saul Wiener, is working on a funnel-web serum."

"The Council invites all residents who catch live spiders to put them in a screw-top jar and leave them at our office."

"A serum would mean an awful lot to people with kids."

Dr Wiener has promised to have the serum ready by next summer if he is sent 150 spiders.

Six Sydney people have died from funnel-web bites since 1927.

Prompt treatment, along "snake-bite" lines, has saved scores more.

Why Stone The Crows! It's A Magpie On The Phone

CHATTERING magpies are "making" phone calls through automatic exchanges, mostly dialling 211—what's more, they refuse to hang up.

Sydney.

And stone the crows—they don't even have to use a telephone to make a call.

The magpies had subscribers connected with different rural automatic exchanges throughout Australia baffled till just recently.

Telephones would ring; but when the subscribers answered there was no caller on the line. Technicians investigating at the exchanges noticed that the automatic switches were behaving queerly.

SUSPECTS

Because these faults occurred during the magpie nesting season, the black and white "little-foibles" birds became immediate suspects. Investigations by Postmaster-General Linnsman, extending over hundreds of miles of telephone wire, revealed that the magpies were the culprits.

The linesmen discovered they liked scraps of wire to build nests.

"The magpies after flying on to the telephone poles worked pieces of wire into the telephone lines," said a Postmaster-General investigator.

"These opened the switches on the automatic exchanges and occasionally gave the required number of impulses to call subscribers."

SOLUTION

Inexplicably the telephone number that magpies have connected with most frequently is 211.

As fast as Postmaster-General Linnsman pulled down the "telephoning" nests from telephone poles and wires the magpies rebuilt them, using discarded bits of telephone wire as long as nest material.

Harried by complaints from subscribers, the Postmaster-General "hit upon what appeared a possible solution."

Build special nests for magpies on telephone poles in magpie country.

Linnsman built more than 100 magpie nests on telephone poles out of scrap pieces of wire.

The nests worked—the magpies raised their young in the custom-built "jokes" and after that, postmaster "telephoning" magpie country.

The Postmaster-General says

MR EWERS LOSES HIS TASTE FOR A PINT

London.

George Frederick Ewers was a man who liked his pint after the day's work as foreman gas-fitter. Then, suddenly, he lost his taste for it in a day.

It happened on October 8, 1952. He caught the London-Manchester express that cold, grey morning on his firm's business.

The express ploughed into the wreckage of two other crashed trains at Harrow and Wealdstone Station. In the chaos 112 people lost their lives and 181 were injured.

Changed His Life

Among the injured was George Ewers.

Superficially he had only a cut on his forehead. But the accident changed his life — and his taste.

And in a High Court witness-box recently Ewers, now 53, of Colindale, Middlesex, told Mr Justice Pilcher about it.

"Before the accident I got enjoyment out of drinking beer," he said.

"But now alcohol gives me a headache and I cannot take it."

He had also become bad-tempered, he could no longer enjoy his hobbies, he was subject to giddiness, his vision was blurred.

'He Kids Himself'

He was no longer able to work. He still had to attend a hospital for nervous diseases.

Five doctors gave evidence on the changed world of Mr Ewers. Three said his claim was genuine. No. 4 commented: "I do not regard him as profoundly incapacitated."

But the fifth, distinguished physician Sir Francis Walshe, said: "I cannot escape the conclusion he is in considerable measure an actor. He kids himself."

The judge did not agree. "I do not think he was or is a malingerer," he said. "I accept he is a changed man."

And he awarded £2,237 damages for injuries received against the British Transport Commission.

Why Cups For Cats?

Wellington.

The Secretary of the Wellington Cat Club, Mr H. D. Adams, reports that he was standing next to the trophies at the club's show recently when a small boy, after examining the collection carefully, offered his opinion: "I don't think cats would get much fun out of those. Wouldn't sardines be better?" — China Mail Special.

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ASS TO BE EVICTED FROM TOMB OF CICERO

Rome.

Italian officials disclosed today they plan to dispossess an ass now living in the tomb of Cicero, the great Roman writer and statesman.

The officials said the square, lower-like tomb, now covered with vegetation, has been turned into a stall by the farmer who owns the land. But the Government's Antiquities Department plans to start restoring it soon.

Like many other glories of pagan Rome, Cicero's tomb has been decorated in the Christian era, although it never suffered the ultimate degradation of the Roman forum.

The forum was turned into a garbage dump after noblemen and priests had taken away the magnificent marble columns to build villas and churches.

The tomb of Marcus Tullius Cicero, who lived from 106 to 43 BC, lies off the ancient Appian Way near the town of Formia. It is about 36 feet high.

Well-preserved

Local authorities have already started action to get possession of the hectare of land on which the tomb is located.

Despite its long abandonment, the tomb is considered to be among the best preserved of its time.

Cicero, who studied oratory and law in Rome and Athens, became a consul and won fame for crushing the conspiracy of Catiline. He was the leader of the opposition to Julius Caesar.

When Caesar was murdered in 44 BC, Cicero denounced Anthony. For this he was proscribed and put to death.

His writings include De Amicitia (On Friendship) and De Senectute (On Old Age). — United Press.

He Chained Himself To Doomed Gaslamp

Stoke-On-Trent.

Police were sympathetic with a man who fell in love with a "beautiful" lamp post here and chained himself to it.

Arnold Machin, 44-year-old sculptor and pottery designer, chained and locked himself to one of the old iron gaslamps as workmen arrived to dismantle it.

The town council wants to replace gas lamps with concrete electric light stanchions.

Police listened sympathetically to Machin but finally convinced him that he had made his point. Machin sent for his wife who had the key to his chains.

He got his lamp post. Authorities decided if he liked the lamp post that much he could buy it.

"It's such a beautiful thing," Machin said happily. — United Press.

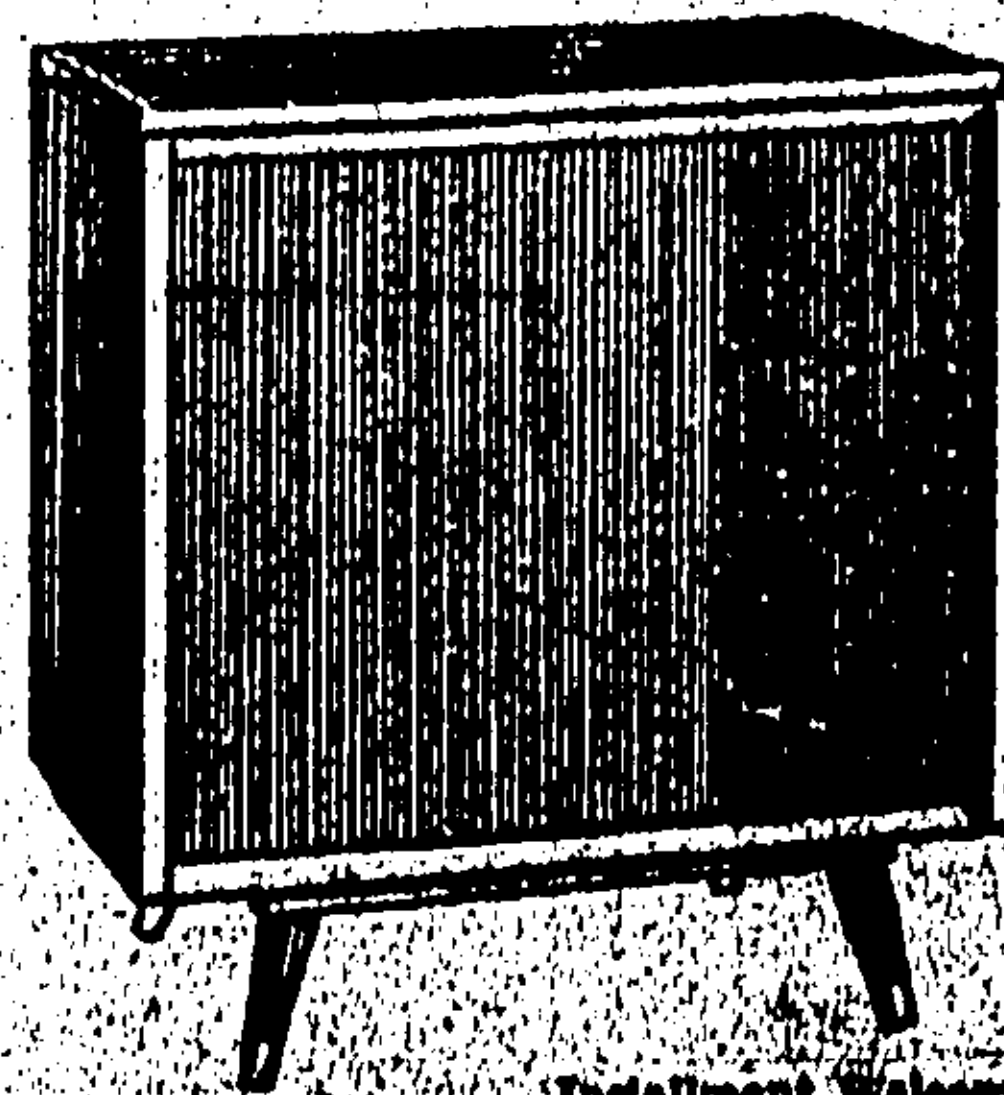
81-year-old Had Trimmed Ankles

Hereford.

An 81-year-old grandmother won a "trimmest ankles" competition.

Before removal of the curtain concealing all but the ankles of competitors at a Church fête, Judge Dr Cyril Francis pronounced Mrs Gertrude Pittchard's ankles "the trimmest I've seen for years." — United Press.

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Toothaches
Colds

are quickly overcome by

'CAFASPIN'

PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS

Copies of photographs taken by the South China Morning Post, South China Sunday Post-Herald, and China Mail Staff Photographers are on view in the Morning Post Building.

ORDERS BOOKED

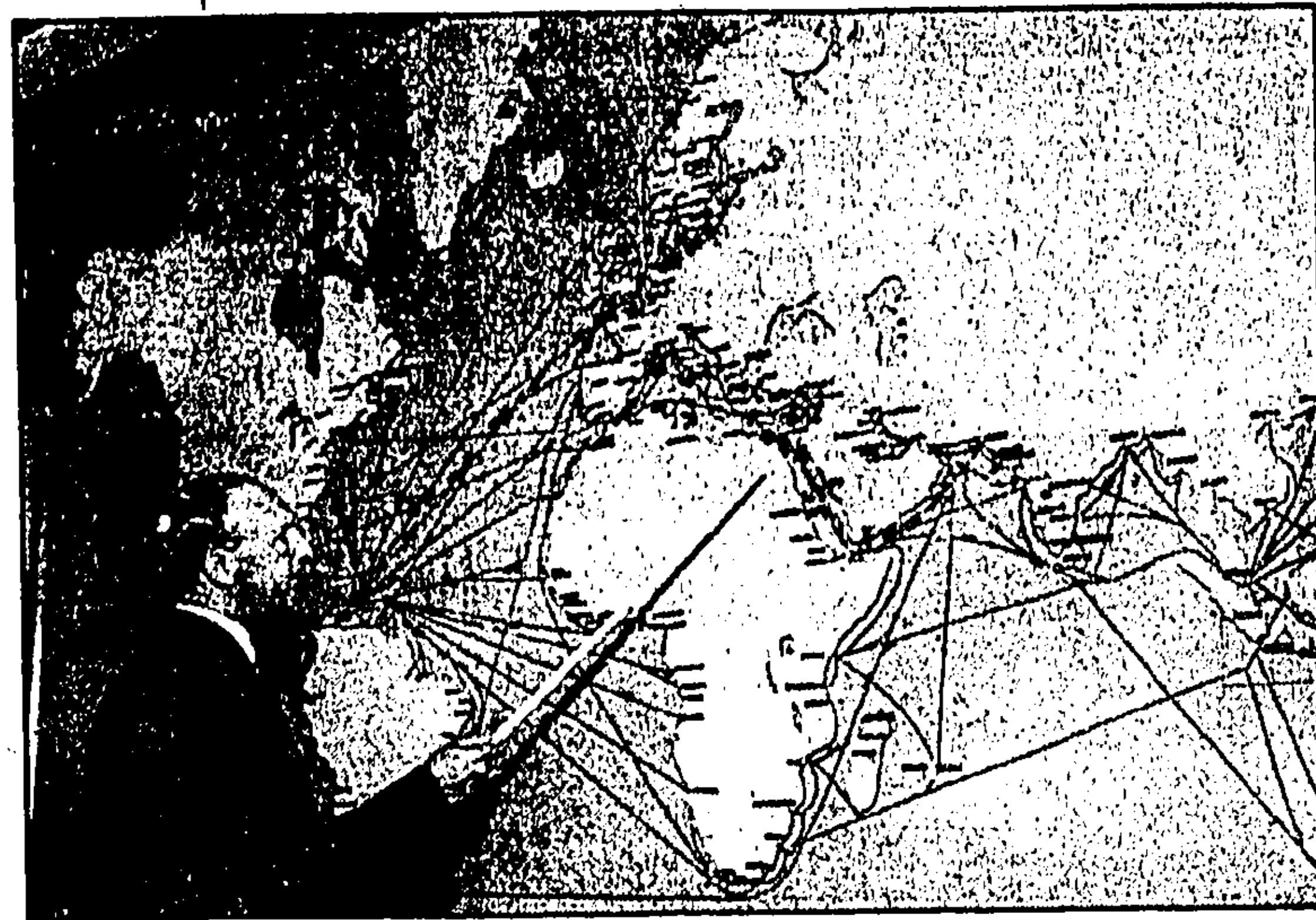
HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



LEAVING No. 10 Downing Street after a discussion with the Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden, is U.S. comedian Danny Kaye. Danny visited the P.M. on behalf of UNICEF — the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund. He has been touring the world—including Hongkong — on behalf of UNICEF and making films sponsoring the organisation. (Express)



SAFE and sound in England—the crew of the ketch Moyana, winner of the recent Torbay-Lisbon sailing race, which was abandoned and later sank after being hit by a gale some 30 miles from the English coast. Over half the crew were Merchant Navy cadets aged 15 to 18, who went to sea for the first time. (Express)



BRITISH oil company map shows Suez flashpoint. Mr Jack Eldridge, head of the Map Room in the London office of the Shell Oil Company, points towards the troubled Suez area — an area the company has a vital interest in. (Express)



DANISH - BORN U.S. pianist Victor Borge (left), who has just made his British TV debut. And he's a roaring success. Says Victor's wife Sanna: "Being married to Victor is fun. It's mad. But we have a lot in common. Especially, we like children. We have five, and there'll be more. Only one thing I forbid the children—that's looking at television." (Express)



NO knife and fork for Countess Attlee. Picture shows the wife of the Labour Party's former leader and ex-Prime Minister skillfully manoeuvring chopsticks at a London party held in a Chinese restaurant. (Express)



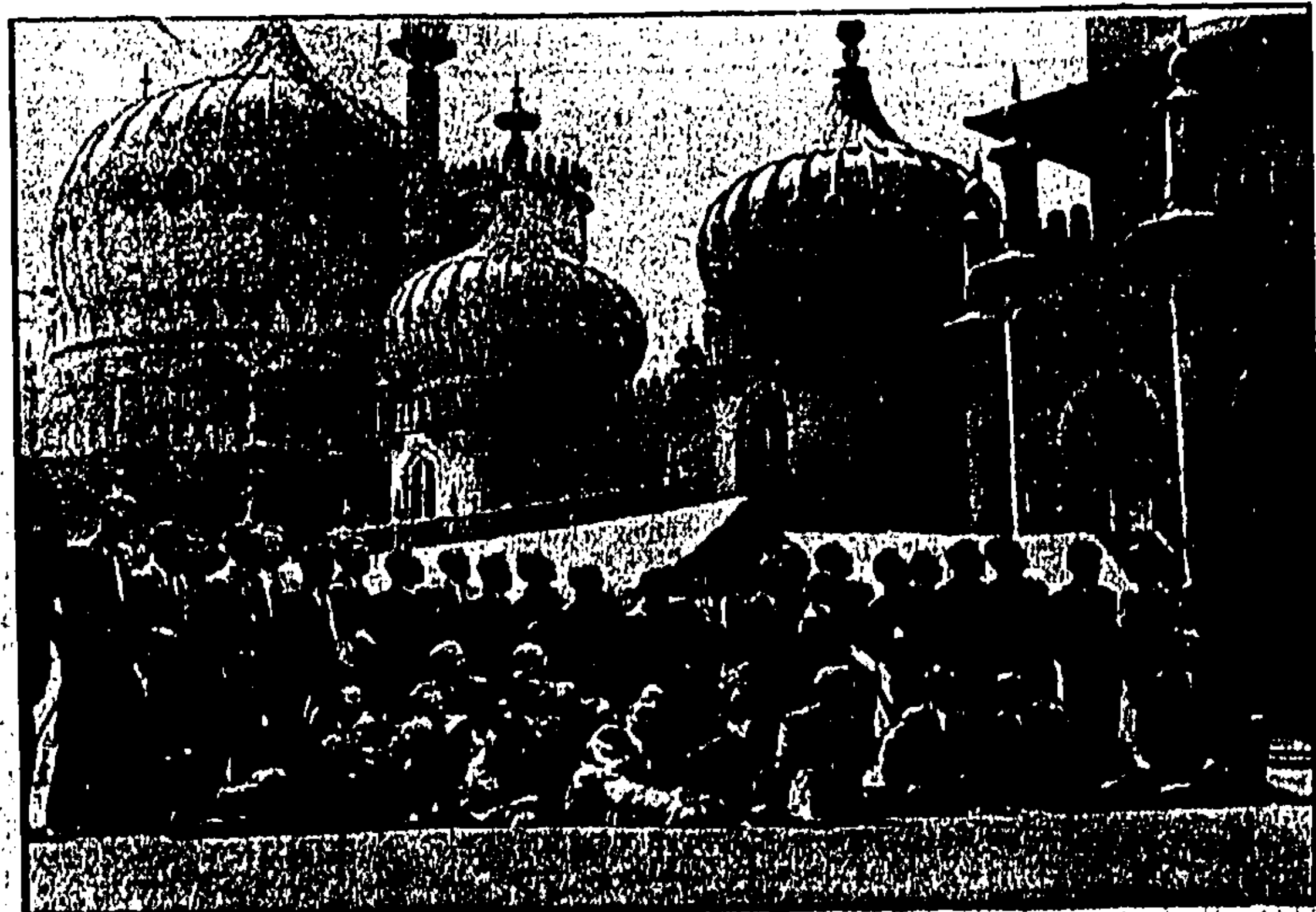
STEPPING out in strictly no-white-tie-and-tails mood in the wet, gusty English summer are singer-dancer Fred Astaire and daughter Ava, aged 14. Scene is Bognor Regis. Fred, who said he learned all his racing in England in the 'twenties, has a filly, Rainbow Tie, entered in some important races in England this season. (Express)



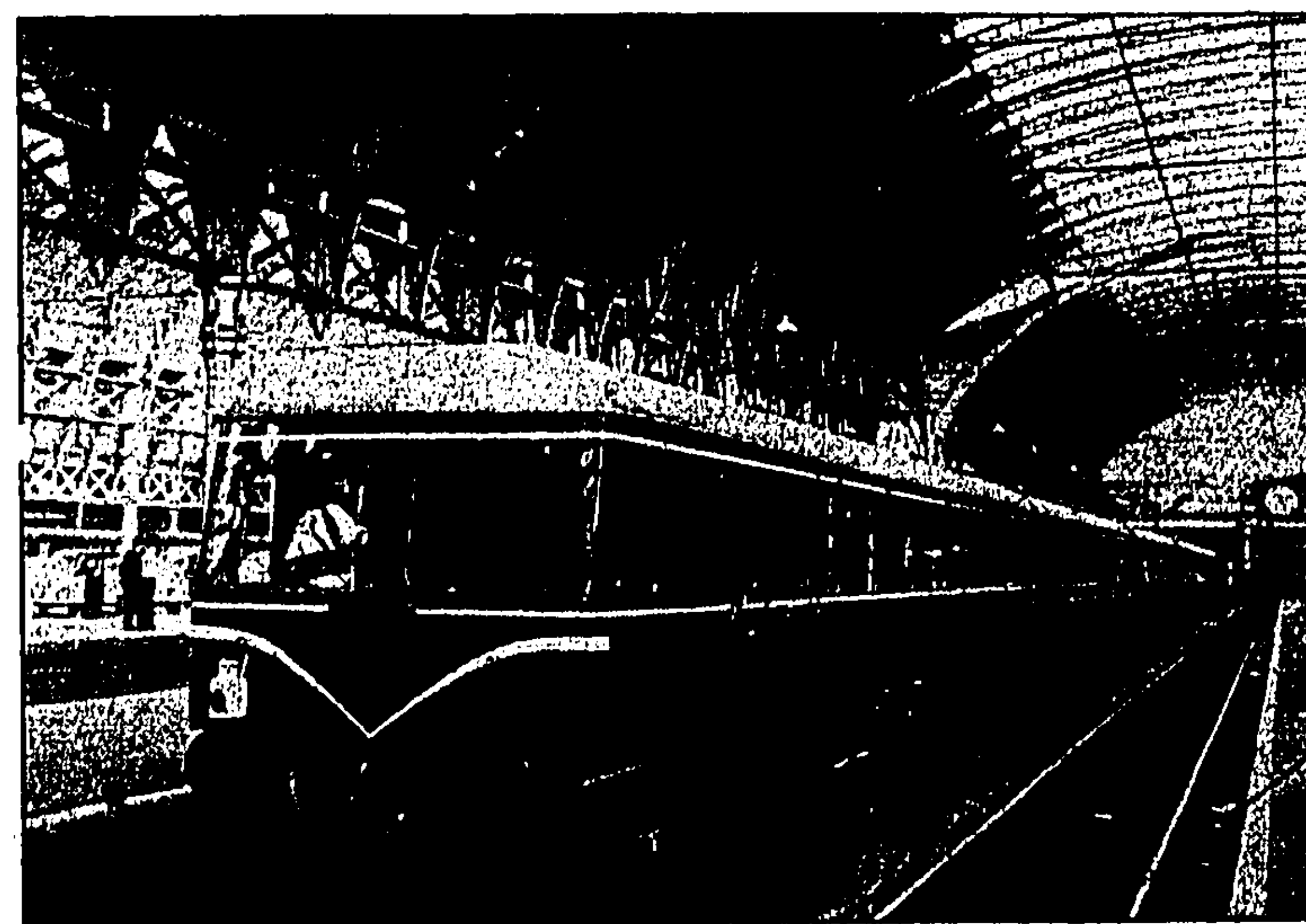
U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles (centre of three at left) arriving in London for talks with Britain's Foreign Secretary, Sir Anthony Eden, and French Foreign Minister Christian Pineau, over the Suez Canal crisis. Accompanying Mr Dulles in picture are, left, Mr A. D. Dodds Parker, Joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and, right, Mr Winthrop Aarich, U.S. Ambassador in London. (Express)



BELOW: Reds find a "Kremlin" in a British seaside town. These Red Army dancers and singers now performing in Britain are pictured in front of the Pavilion at Brighton. It was built by George IV when he was Prince Regent, and it made the Russians feel at home. Actually the design is part Indian and part Chinese. (Express)



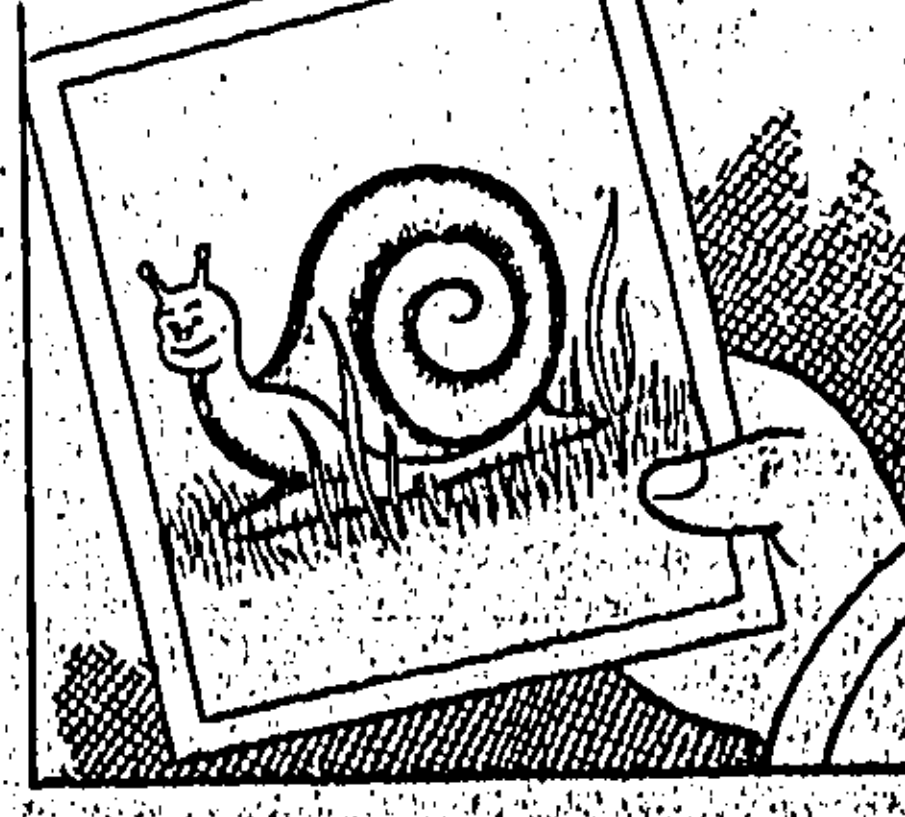
EVEN a telephone booth is a handy bedroom if you're tired enough. A night scene at London's Victoria Station where hundreds of holiday-makers Continent-bound were held up because of gales which struck Britain and the English Channel, dislocating trains and steamers. (Express)



FIRST picture of the new British Diesel electric train which is being brought into service by British Railways as part of their re-development plan. Picture of the multiple unit train was taken at Paddington Station. (Express)

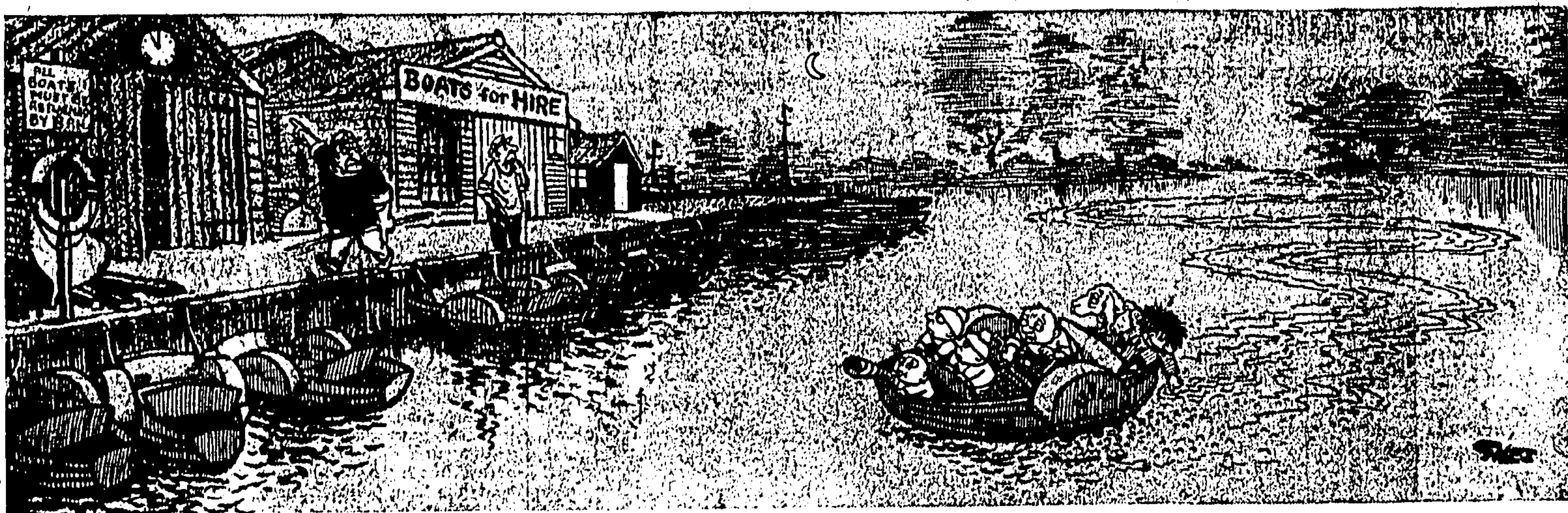
NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREES





"Tell him Nasser held us up in the Canal"

DON IDDON IN HOLLYWOOD

Filmiland? It's Just a Big 'Slave Market'

EVEN STARS ARE TREATED COLD-BLOODEDLY, RUTHLESSLY

From DON IDDON, Hollywood, Thursday

AL FRED HITCHCOCK always says: "Actors are cattle." Many, including stars, are treated as cold-bloodedly and ruthlessly as cattle.



SIMMONS. Such a help. GABLE. Rich killings.



PECK. Smart move. TURNER. \$100,000 baby.

Actors and actresses are commodities to be traded, exploited and made money out of.

The extra is at the bottom of the human heap. Even such a radiant and

THIS BABY BUSINESS

MONEY comes easily and goes easily here. Having a baby will cost Lana Turner \$100,000, perhaps more. She will miss a picture and not get her fee.

Missing a picture is a star's dread. The doctor's bill will be around \$10,000 cash for pre-natal care, the delivery, and one year's examinations after the birth.

Jean Simmons's forthcoming baby is costing Granger and herself a fortune. Jean looks fat but fine and has been a comfort to Elizabeth Taylor, who is emotional, headstrong, and often sick.

Before the marriage to Wilding Liz had blazing crushes on her leading men. She cannot do anything by halves.

But about babies—I mean the young ones. Lana Turner has a complete wing for the child, a lavish nursery with its own kitchen, its diet room, its ultra-violet rays.

The Hollywood tots get the best. The Crosby twins cost \$10,000. The James Stewart twins put Jimmy back \$10,000.

One of the most famous gynaecologists here is Leon (Red) Krohn. Once a star calls on him the tip is given by doctors, not by the doctor, to gossip writer Louella Parsons and/or Hedda Hopper. And the news is out.

endowed star as Elizabeth Taylor, whom Hollywood still calls the world's most beautiful woman (this city loves superlatives), has been given the strictly business treatment.

Perhaps this explains some of her current unhappiness. I saw her at Los Angeles International Airport last Saturday, and despite the tightly fitting red sweater and the violet eyes she looked forlorn. Michael Wilding was cheerful by comparison.

Liz said she wanted to be "inconspicuous," something she will never be.

She's bitter

SHE is better about many things. She recalls that her studio pleaded with her, wooed her to sign a long-term contract with them some time ago, and for months she stood out.

They offered her every blandishment, and finally she signed at \$100,000 a year. Shortly after she became pregnant, kept it quiet for a time, and then told the studio.

Immediately she was taken off pay and put on a small allowance. The studio explained that was the clause in the contract.

Miss Taylor has not forgiven them.

The studios often make huge profits out of their stars by "loan-out." They lent Elizabeth Taylor to another company for the film "Giant" for \$250,000.



Last of the happy, before-the-break pictures of Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding. Hollywood has given Elizabeth the strictly business treatment.

things work and it's been going on for years.

"Remember, we get kicked, too. The studios aren't their own masters and the producers can be treated like cattle also. The money men, the big wheels in New York, give the orders."

The phone rang and the producer picked it up. It was New York. "Yes, mister; of course, George, couldn't agree more. You're absolutely right. Wish

So Elizabeth Taylor costs her own studio nothing, makes big profits for them, and brings in the customers at the box-office.

I asked one top producer about this loan-out system and he said: "It's the way

we'd thought of it. It will be taken care of. This is the greatest. Thanks. You're right. One hundred percent right."

I winked, but the producer did not dare to wink back. Can you blame Elizabeth Taylor and a whole team of others for wanting to form their own company so they will not be traded like merchandise?

Elizabeth says: "I'm determined to form my own independent company, so that the people who make the money can keep the money, not that I shall ever keep any."

Diana Dors and her husband, Dennis Hamilton, are forming their own company. Star such as James Stewart, Gregory Peck, and Humphrey Bogart did the smart thing years ago.

Clark Gable says: "I should have done it," although his arrangement with Twentieth Century-Fox is generous.

He believes Metro made rich killings out of him, and he is right.

'Brain shrinkers'

THIS town is a tech on the stars. The merchants gouge them, the doctors plunder them. There are 500 psychiatrists in Beverly Hills and more are moving in every month.

Their doctors' fees are exorbitant—\$40 and \$50 per consultation, which often lasts less than an hour.

The stars talk openly about their psychiatrists or "brain shrinkers." It is frequent practice for a leading actor or actress to ring up the psychiatrist from London.

Ava Gardner has been known to ring hers up from Africa. Incidentally, the James Masons have six—that's right, six—companies.

They have made mints of money here and Pamela Mason has made mounds of dollars out of property or real estate. Prices for houses are fancy, as Dors and Dennis are finding out, but I think they are being taken.

Stewart Granger had a great sprawling property for which he paid £50,000.

On the whole, the British in Hollywood have been smart with their money, but Elizabeth Taylor is a great spender. Studios love to lend money to their stars so that they have them in a vice.

Credit is still king in the land of the purple Cadillac. There have been quite a few changes since I was first here. Fifteen years ago young men ran the movies and there was no television, no Cinema-Scope, VistaVision or smog.

Wonder boys cracked the whip. Darryl Zanuck at 30 ran Fox. David Selznick at 29 reigned over R.K.O. and Hal Wallis was chief of Warners at 31.

These young men are still around, but they can no longer be called youths. The industry is almost old and more cautious. Hollywood is still gaudy, dizzy, and sometimes delicious, but the era of wonderful nonsense has been replaced by the decade of dreadful anxiety. I will tell you about it in my next article.

(COPYRIGHT)

Chapman Pincher has returned from an international conference in Brussels where 2,000 of the world's top doctors have been sharing their latest discoveries on the most important subject in the world—YOU. Today Pincher surveys their findings about one of your most constant preoccupations.

RIDDLES OF WEIGHT

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

1 Why can some people gorge themselves without getting fat?

ANSWER: Their bodies burn up the excess fuel they eat. Two Sandhurst cadets of similar build and with almost identical appetites were studied by Medical Research Council scientist John Fletcher for a fortnight.

Everything they ate was weighed. The energy they expended in work, leisure and sleep was measured by a machine.

Their activities matched almost exactly. So did the amount of food they consumed.

YET, at the fortnight's end, one cadet had lost weight, the other had put on weight. Fletcher told doctors and scientists at the International Physiology Congress in Brussels.

The man who put on weight made far more efficient use of his food than the other. He could do far more work on less fuel.

2 Why can some girls get heavier by overeating but not put on that "cosmetic" fat which gives Marilyn Monroe her valuable curves?

DR REGINALD PASSMORE, who carried on experiments at Edinburgh, reported that people who are thin by nature can put on weight without getting visibly fatter.

Passmore over-fed three thin young men. They put on weight in the form of fat and protein. But this did not increase their girth.

Why? Because the extra nutriment was absorbed into the existing coils of their bodies.

3 Why can some people eat loads of fried food, fat meat, butter, and cream without getting fat?

U.S. diet expert Jean Mayer reported that the best things to eat if you want to put on fat are not fats themselves but carbohydrates—sugar, sweets, and starchy foods like

bread, pastries, and potatoes. Carbohydrates are the food to avoid if you want to lose weight.

The latest findings suggest that in most cases it is a defect in the mechanism dealing with carbohydrates in the body which causes obesity.

Tests by Professor Alan Kekwick at the Middlesex Hospital, London, have shown that people can slim on diets rich in fats. Pouring still more fuel on the flames helps them to burn up their surplus weight.

4 Why can you sometimes go on and on munching cakes but cannot eat steaks?

DR MAYER and Dr J. R. Brobeck have shown that the main mechanism for regulating appetite—called the appetite and located at the base of the brain—consists of two parts. One part stimulates appetite. The other clamps down on it by producing a feeling of fullness.

The appetite-stimulator seems to be sensitive only to the sugar which the digestive system extracts from carbohydrate foods. The fullness mechanism is more sensitive to fats and proteins like meat and fish.

When the amount of sugar in the blood stream is low the appetite sends out messages which bring on the sensation of hunger.

If this hunger is appeased mainly by eating carbohydrates the desire for more food wears off slowly.

Because of this time lag you can eat a considerable excess of food like bread and potatoes.

But if the meal is rich in proteins or fats, the fullness mechanism reacts quickly.

5 Why do the children of some families remain slim while others run to fat—though all are on the same diet?

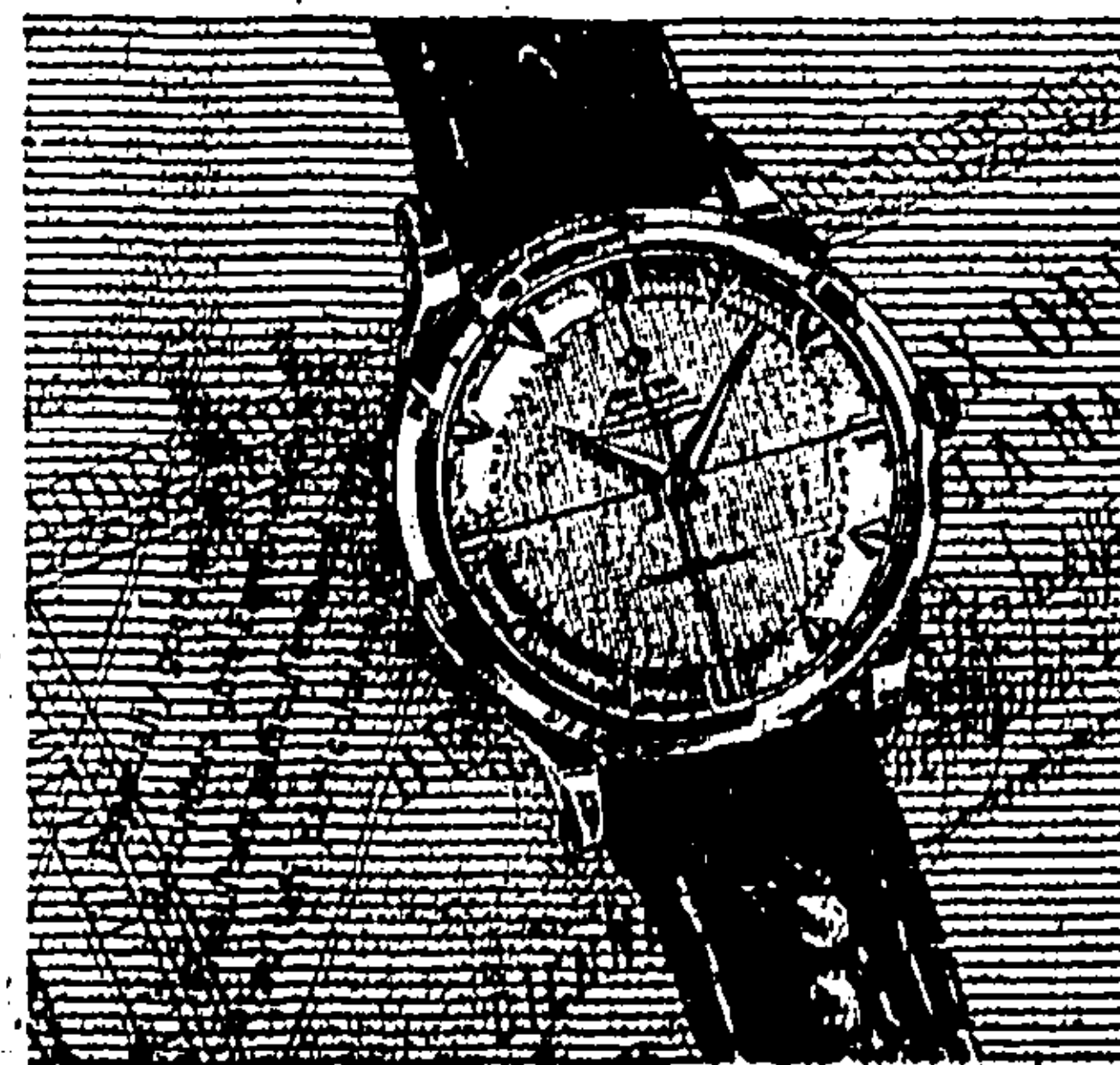
IF either part of the appetite becomes defective hunger persists longer than it should and overeating results. Many people are born with this defect. Surveys have shown that among families where one parent is fat about 50 percent of the children are fat too.

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LONDON'S NEW GAMBLING RACKET

By GORDON DONALDSON

LAST night I heard the full story of the new menace of Mayfair—a man called "The Lawyer."

He's London's new King of Gambling. Nightly at his "parties" fortunes change hands behind the brocade curtains of the lush homes of Mayfair.

It's illegal—but it flourishes.

In the streets the police will swoop on a dockers' dice game with peanuts for stakes.

They are virtually powerless to prevent the luxurious amateur and professional games where champagne and caviare sandwiches garnish the losses.

And what losses! At one party thrown this month by a society playboy, one guest lost £16,000.

But that's an amateur game. Behind the professional racket looms the fabulous figure of "The Lawyer."

FAINT RAZOR SCARS

His name is unknown to the public. He is bland, soft-spoken—every inch the distinguished gentleman, despite his faint razor scars.

And last night one of his henchmen revealed how the racket operates.

There are two kinds of parties—one "straight," for the hardened gamblers of society, elderly businessmen, maharajas, the international set.

"We just take 10 percent for the house," I was told. "The turnover? Perhaps £10,000 to £15,000 a night."

The other kind of game is for mugs—and it's strictly on the crooked.

The mug is, of course, a member of some club.

"We check on his bank reference at the club. If he's listed as 'Undoubted,' we know he's good for the 'works'."

Where will the party be held? The mug isn't told until the organisers meet at a rendezvous.

"Then we all go to a flat somewhere in Mayfair or Kensington, or maybe to a houseboat on the Thames—a romantic setting, strictly for mugs."

"Society people rent us their flats for £50 a night or £100 with servants."

"We start with a cocktail party—nothing but the best. And we introduce the mug all round—first names only."

"If he's brought a lady friend, so much the better. He'll pay up to avoid a scandal."

"You'll meet some nice people—diplo-mats, titled folks. Real personages."

EXTENDING EMPIRE

"Then the game begins—roulette first, cards, baccarat, poker afterwards. They have a chance with the wheel. But they always lose later."

"We, 32 professional card-sharps over from Europe. It's worth it."

Such as the pattern of "The Lawyer's" parties. It explains how he has built up wealth and power.

Now he is moving west from Mayfair into Soho to extend his gambling empire.

(CONTINUED)

The Rise and Fall of Derek Curtis-Bennett Chapter Two

The High Pressures—AND THEN The Crack-up

BY LEONARD MOSLEY

In this second and final article tracing the reasons behind the tragic end of Derek Curtis-Bennett, Q.C., Leonard Mosley explains the reasons that led this complex man to drink; traces the man's course through the cross-roads that led to catastrophe . . .

THE brutal truth about the sordid crack-up of Derek Curtis-Bennett, Q.C., is that he lacked the moral fibre, the mental stamina, and the emotional stability to stand up to the demands of his job.

So, when the pressures became too great, he took the cowardly way out—and eased his way into oblivion with a bottle of brandy in one hand and all the best pain-killing drugs available in the bedside cupboard.

But don't be too hasty in condemning him for that.

The job Curtis-Bennett did in our courts of criminal justice is one of the most appallingly difficult and savagely demanding that any man can choose.

It is hard enough to be the judge in a murder trial.

It is a tremendous responsibility to be a prosecuting counsel.

But when the verdict is in, and the accused man or woman has been found guilty and sentenced to death, for both these men there need be no feeling of nagging doubt.

★ ★ ★

The judge, as he removes the black cap, can rightly absolve himself from any blame—for all he has done is to guide the feelings and opinions of the jury; the actual verdict of Guilty has been left to them.

The prosecuting counsel can always assuage his conscience by telling himself: "I am not to blame for sending this person to the gallows. All I did was to follow my brief and lay the facts before the jury."

But Derek Curtis-Bennett was almost always—particularly in murder cases—the barrister whose job it was to defend the man in the dock, and save him from the rope.

And who could he blame when the verdict was in, and sentence of death had been spoken?

Only himself—for being inefficient in the presentation of his facts, weak in his cross-examination, lacking in persuasion in his pleas on behalf of his client.

The close friends of Curtis-Bennett knew that he took his setbacks in the courts with a sense of personal grievance.

"It was not just professional disappointment," said one of them. "When William (Lord Haw Haw) Joyce was sentenced to death, he was badly shaken. Everyone told him he had conducted a brilliant defence, but he couldn't get it out of his mind that he had somehow failed. My father would have saved him," he kept saying. And nothing we could say would persuade him otherwise."

★ ★ ★

While his father was alive, and he himself was happily married to his first wife, Margaret Duncan, he found these gnawing doubts of his professional adequacy possible to live with.

His father kept assuring him that unfavourable verdicts were what you had to expect when you chose the most difficult side of the law—and always acted for the defence.

His wife gave him comfort and encouragement, and the strength to go on.

And then these two vital props to his pride and moral strength were pulled away from him.

First his father died. No longer was the great Sir Henry around to guide and advise him.

And then in 1949, at the apex of his career, Derek Curtis-Bennett lost his wife, too. Not by death, but through his own stupidity.

He had loved Margaret Duncan very dearly. He had fought hard to win her, for all he has done is to guide the feelings and opinions of the jury; the actual verdict of Guilty has been left to them.

He cherished her. He made her the mother of his three

children. And then, suddenly, in 1949 there was a divorce case. His wife won her case. No one, knowing Curtis-Bennett's behaviour, was surprised at that. She moved away, with the children.

Curtis-Bennett could not believe, at first, that it had happened, or that it was permanent.

He made overtures to his ex-wife in the hope of securing a reconciliation. He thought at first that it was going to be easy. He could not believe the truth—that he had thrown his marriage away and would never get it back.

And with divorce, the last prop to his unstable emotions was torn away. The great Derek Curtis-Bennett began to totter.

He had always been a nervous, nervous man, of course. One of his colleagues called him "a mental knacker-knacker."

He had a terror of flying, for instance. He was in two minds whether to accept one of the biggest briefs of his career—the trial of U Saw for treason in Burma. He eventually brought himself to make the flight.

Friends say he never recovered from it, and henceforth had terrible nightmares in which his plane was crashing in flames.

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He turned, for comfort, to the bottle—and to other things. Clubs, for instance. Seedy clubs selling bad liquor and loud music out-of-hours in stale-smelling cellars.

All the while, the professional stresses were increasing. Now, when he lost a case, he had no one to turn to. He found it difficult to talk to his colleagues in Chambers, except to say, as he did after the Christie case: "Why couldn't I have saved that man from the rope? Where did I go wrong? Do you think my father would have saved him?"

He had few friends, and many enemies—for he had a rough tongue and was curt and rude to subordinates. He had no one to talk to when his doubts about himself began to boil.

★ ★ ★

That is why his closest associates were glad when he decided to marry for a second time. They knew the difference in ages between Derek Curtis-Bennett and his new wife. The gap between their stations in life and interests was even wider.

But at least, his associates thought, he will have someone to comfort him and reassure him in those dark and lonely hours when the doubts look grim and the worries are most terrifying.

Unfortunately, it was too late. The crack-up had already begun. Not even a young and attractive wife was strong enough to loosen the stranglehold which

Curtis-Bennett in the days of high pressure: this was him leaving his chambers in the Temple during the Christie case.

brandy, drugs, and his own sense of failure had on Derek Curtis-Bennett.

He drank all the time. He ran up debts and failed to pay them. The writs began coming in. Once he could not go into court because someone had seized his luggage and his wig and gown were in it.

At first he could carry on his work in the courts, even though drunk.

But in the last weeks drink took away his powers of thought and speech. An eminent legal friend got him a couple of briefs and waited for him to appear in court. He never appeared. He was dead drunk on his sofa at home.

★ ★ ★

After his harassed and hounded and bewildered second wife had killed herself the crack-up became a crash.

Oh, he tried to pull himself together at first. He went into a nursing home, but was expelled because of his conduct.

His friends gathered round, in a desperate attempt to save him, and came up with the offer of a private pension of £10 a week.

He laughed at them: "Can you imagine me, he said, with a savage laugh, 'living on £500 a year when I once made £10,000? You would never have dared to offer that to my father.' And then, he added sadly: 'But then, you would never have needed to, would you?'"

At which he went back to his flat, took up the bottle again, and died. Alone—except, perhaps, for the sad and sighing ghost of the father he tried so hard to equal, but never quite did.

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The odd story of Kurtisbenet

To illustrate the attraction of Derek Curtis-Bennett to a London newspaper in 1937 from Mrs. Irene Kurtisbenet, a woman who had renounced the surname Bennett after appearing as a witness in a case in which Mr. Curtis-Bennett was defence counsel:

"Mr. Derek Curtis-Bennett is almost respectable for as my eyes fell upon that rough, devastating profile of his, my wayward heart was no longer in my keeping—I fell in love with him and try to my best to forget the fact, as in love one foolishly will, that he is not called Winterbottom, as that is a cold kind of name to take for an airing."

THE ROOM WHERE SIGHS COST 200 GUINEAS

At the end of July the buying and selling of the world's treasures ended until October. Here **JOHN CLARKE** steps into Christies' salesroom for a last-of-the-season look at one of the world's most famous auctioneers.

I SAT on a wooden chair in a crowded room, and I hardly dared to breathe. For on the chair next to mine sat a lean man in a lightweight mackintosh who every few seconds gave a barely perceptible sigh.

Such sighs at that moment were costing 200 guineas apiece, for that was the way bidding was going at Christies, and my neighbour was deeply involved in it.

Having sighed his way up to 2,800 guineas, he gave best to his rival, signing off with a shake of his head. I could breathe again and look round me at what I suppose is one of the most famous rooms in the world—the principal salesroom of Christies.

The room is octagonal and (like the whole building) air-conditioned, and pictures crowded its crimson walls. It was filled with the strangest assortment of people I have ever seen in one room.

Calmly

There were restless, olive-skinned men in palm-beach suits who never sat, but roamed about throwing bids over their shoulder when the spirit moved them; a girl in a green plastic

mackintosh who bought a picture for 1,500 guineas as calmly as if she were buying a pound of groceries; a girl who looked as if she were on her way to a wedding at St Margaret's who did not bid at all.

There were men and women of every age and degree, and many nationalities, and all of them were under the spell of a silver-haired, elderly man, firm of voice and sharp of eye as a tracker—Sir Alec Martin, the great auctioneer.

He stood in his pulpit-like rostrum, and as he announced each lot, overaloud porters, who never cease missed their cue, hoisted the pictures—Old Masters and moderns—into view, supporting them on balze-covered tables or pointing dramatically at a picture hung on the wall.

Fluttered

"Lot 21," Sir Alec announced, "five hundred guineas I'm bid." Catalogues fluttered, and in one minute and five seconds, the picture had been sold for 2,000 guineas.

I timed the auction. In the first half-hour of the two hours it lasted, 46 pictures were sold. I totted the prices up. In 30 minutes, Sir Alec sold 13,943 guineas' worth of pictures.

I wondered what old John Christie, who founded the firm in 1769, would have thought. They showed me a catalogue of his first sale of "Genuine Household Furniture of a Noble Personage (Deceased)." The first lot John Christie sold was "A black and white glass and plates." They fetched 15s.

In the last five months at Christies Sir Alec and his fellow auctioneers (all of whom are partners, and one of whom is Sir Alec's son) have sold £1,000,000 worth of pictures, china, furniture, books.

Smoothly the sale went on. Here was a Romney portrait being sold by order of the trustees of a deceased third baron.

"Pity it's side-face," said a little dealer sitting behind me. "People like full-face portraits better. Face-aches we call these ones. Rather rude, I suppose, but it's the way the sitters always have a hand to their cheek in the side-face pictures."

The Romney brought 1,400 guineas and taught me a lesson. It was down in the catalogue as by George Romney. Another picture entered under the heading Romney came up. It was sold for 20 guineas. When only the artist's surname is given without first name or initials it means that the picture is of his school, and probably not by him.

Stags at bay

Two pictures hardly bigger than postcards, by Francesco Guardi, were sold for 1,800 guineas, a Landseer river scene, with stags at bay as a matter of course, for 50. A dapper man who looked as though he had just left his club round the corner in St James's Street,

bought a Munnings painting of ponies for 550 guineas, and it at once looking well pleased, a Bauburn portrait came up. "The property," said the catalogue, "of a great-great-nephew of the sitter."

There was constant movement in the salesroom, constant talk, and how Sir Alec kept track of bids that might be shrugs, sighs, winks, nods or grunts was beyond my understanding.

I sympathised with him when he said to one man: "Are you bidding, sir? No? Then don't wave your catalogue, sir." And I sympathised with the man who had earned the rebuke, for it was stern-toned as a condemnation.

Ruffled

Smoothly the sale went on. Then its smoothness was mildly ruffled. "Hullo, hullo," a voice called, when a lot had been knocked down for 20 guineas. "Hullo, hullo, I was bidding."

"No, you stopped, sir," said Sir Alec.

"Not stop," said the voice. "Bring the picture back," Sir Alec commanded. It was brought back and its sale resumed, in accordance with the printed rules of sale in the catalogue. The man who had cried "Hullo" bought it for 45 guineas.

There seemed to be no ill-feeling, no animosity on either side or anywhere. The twinkle never left Sir Alec's eye, nor the smile on the face of the balding man who disputed the sale.

A sale at Christies is wonderful spectator sport, as well as big business; and those who conduct it and those who take part could teach many sportsmen a thing or two—about sportsmanship.

SUED A SORCERESS FOR A REFUND

By MANSON CLARKE

WITCHES still operate in some of the remote rural districts of southwest England, according to a British student of witchcraft. This makes strange reading, indeed, in 1956, but only recently a report of the British Medical Association referred to a death from witchcraft in the Devonshire area not long ago.

It seems that in many homes there are still people who glance fangfully at the full moon and imagine they see humped, figures riding the birch broom across its yellow face.

This is borne out to some extent by the strange stories which come to light from time to time. Only a few years ago

a Devon man told a court that he had deserted his wife because she practised witchcraft.

In the early 1940's a British farmer, who was charged with assaulting a woman, said he had committed the alleged offence because the woman had cast a spell on him and his farm. Working on the time-honoured belief that he who draws blood from a witch frees himself from her power, the farmer hit out and caused the woman's forehead to bleed.

In 1952, a Frenchman went so far as to sue an alleged sorceress for the return of money, and certain articles he said he had given her to "put an evil eye" on his rival. He claimed £55, four chickens, 12 candles and a box of nails.

Belief in the black arts is still held in parts of Germany and Italy. In 1951, four Italians were tried at Frosinone, Italy, for the murder of a woman

who, they alleged, had an "evil eye" and was responsible for their family's misfortunes.

During the present decade "witch hunters" in Germany have been paid up to 20 guineas for denouncing a witch. In one year there were 15 trials of these German "witch hunters."

Mr W.A. Robbins, a retired British school inspector, who has studied witchcraft for 30 years, said recently that in Britain there were definitely black (bad) and white (good) witches practising in Devon. In some country villages, he said, it was believed that the seventh child of a seventh child automatically became a white witch.

The last recorded conviction of a witch in England was that of Jane Wenham, of Wiltshire, Hertfordshire, in 1712. But a woman was actually burned alive for witchcraft in Sutherland as late as 1722.

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I don't want to be a hundred

—says THE BEAUTY OF POZNAN

THE Beauty of Poznan sits in her father's garden. It is a glowing summer day in the 1870's and her fair hair shines like a Grecian helmet that has been polished for a triumphal parade.

by ANNE SHARPLEY

Her head is bent with mock seriousness over her sewing and she displays her hands with a conscious prettiness as she sews. All the time she is listening. There it is—the rustle as the bushes are drawn aside

No wonder her clever young nephew from the States, an unknown but promising youth called Bernard Baruch, was impressed when he met his young aunt on a visit with his father to the old home in Poznan.

Despite becoming close adviser to President Roosevelt and one of the most influential men in the United States, Mr Baruch has remained impressed.

For just as durable as the type of beauty that was admired then is the admiration it evoked. She has always been his favourite aunt. "He was so proud as a boy of 10 to be seen with me," she remembers.

And though Bernard Baruch may be her nephew and a mere octogenarian, it was she who went to see him at Claridges to save him the climb up the 55 stairs to the second-floor flat where she lives with her daughter.



MRS. MALVINA ZIMM
as she was 80 years ago

and several pairs of eyes regard her intently.

They belong to the officers of the Military Academy. Every day they stop to look at her as they pass the garden—the famous Beauty of Poznan.

Now, 80 years later, Mrs. Malvina Zimm, the Beauty of Poznan, sits in another garden—in Kensington.

In two weeks she will be 100 and the time when young officers peered with courteous awe at pretty girls known as "Beauty of so-and-so" are not only over for her—but for all of us, alas.

Although she did not marry any of the officers but a textile merchant instead, the wordless compliment of those young men has endured for the Beauty of Poznan for 80 years. How few of our generation will have anything so romantic and charming to ponder over when we reach a hundred?

If it is sunny she will sit in the garden, remembering with that curious clarity and precision that is one of the wonders of old age—the events of her youth.

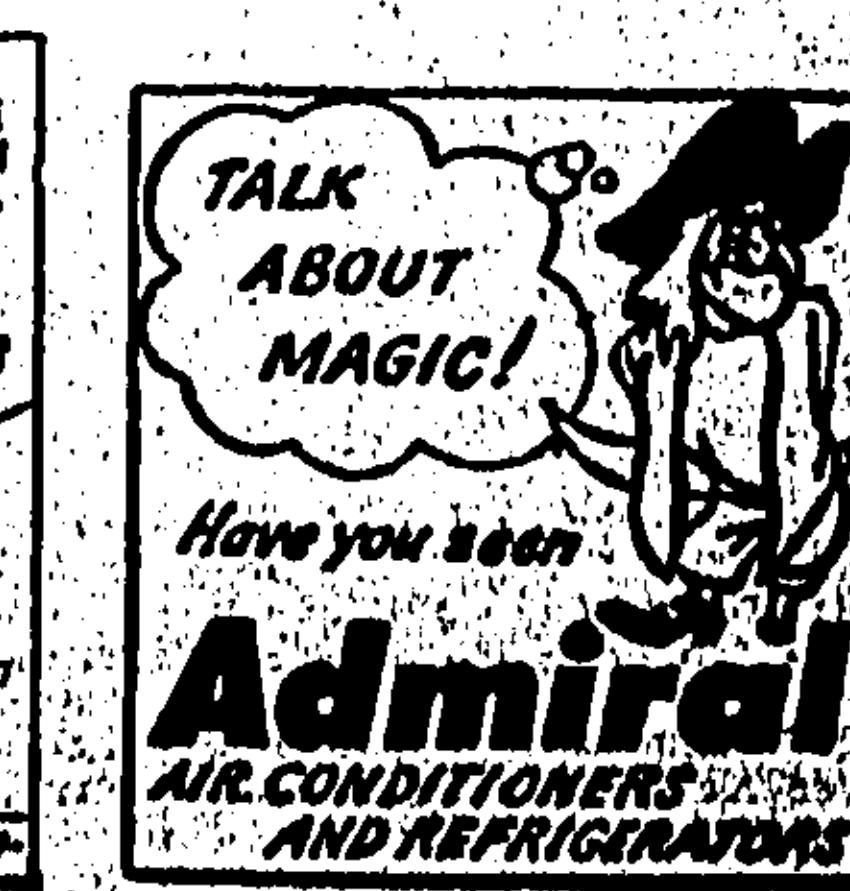
Sat under the trees, her hair lit by the sun and the Baruch features still clear and determined in her face, she makes an astonishingly fine picture. But she will not be photographed.

Instead she gave me a picture of herself—when she was the Beauty of Poznan.

"I do not want to be 100," she told me sharply, perhaps reminded too vividly of her youth by the picture she gave me.

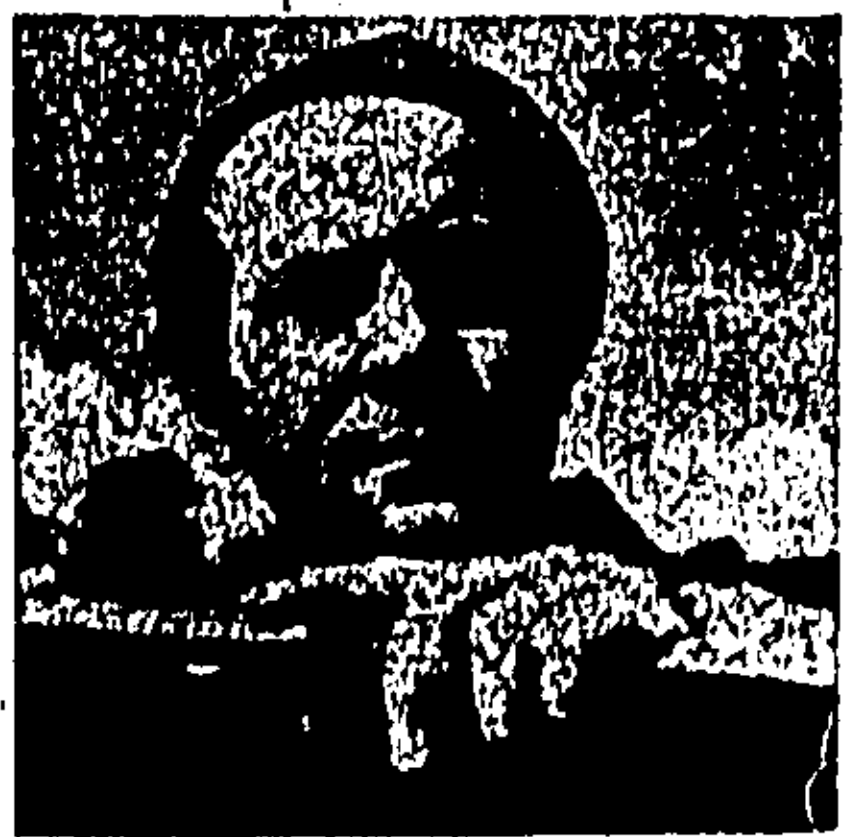
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



TALK ABOUT MAGIC!
Have you seen
Admiral
AIR CONDITIONERS
AND REFRIGERATORS

Concluding the remarkable memoirs of ANNIGNONI, painter of the Queen



YOU have read in this series the unequalled story of how Annignoni—the virtually unknown painter from Florence—made his way to Britain, fought for recognition in the galleries of Bond Street, won commissions to paint some of society's leading beauties—and finally triumphed with his portrait of the Queen. What now?—What does he seek, this man who has fame, wealth, famous friends? He seeks still what all great painters seek: the haunting face that is a challenge to paint. Of such faces he knows—and he names them now to the man who has told his story here, the friend he has sketched on the right: DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

THIS IS THE WOMAN I LONG TO PAINT



PIETRO ANNIGNONI promised to give me the names of the women he most wanted to paint.

But as he stood sketching in his Kensington studio he confessed: "It is all so very difficult.

"There are four women whom I want to paint—one is on the secret list because negotiations for the commission are already under way, one I have never seen, one I have seen only once for a few seconds.

"The last I have painted countless times, but her face still represents a constant challenge to me.

"The one woman whose face haunts me every time I see her in a newspaper or magazine is Queen Soraya, the wife of the Shah of Persia. Even in photographs I seem to see her looking at me challenging me to convey her beauty on to canvas.

"She has a conventional beauty with her shining

black hair and her perfectly shaped face but she has far more than that. There is a depth to her expression and a mystery, almost a sadness in her eyes which, if I could capture to my own satisfaction, would make me a happy man."

'My ideal'

AND what of the woman whose name he does not know? He smiled a little sadly. "She is my ideal but I saw her only once in a cotton skirt and simple white blouse in a little Italian mountain village behind Forte dei Marmi where Michelangelo quarried the stone for his masterpiece.

"I was on one of my annual walking holidays when I suddenly saw this fair-haired peasant girl run barefoot through the crowded street and disappear behind a baker's shop. Her simple beauty so astonished me that by the time I decided to follow her she was nowhere to be found.

"I questioned some of the passersby, but one knew her and although I have returned to that village several times in the hope of seeing her again I have never been lucky.

"The model that I never tire of painting is Juanita Forbes (the first wife of Anthony

Steel). She has posed for many of my allegorical paintings. I have sketched her many times but her expressive face always looks different. I feel she still inspires me to produce my best work.

What of the mystery woman? I asked. "For the moment she must remain a mystery," he replied. "But if I paint her it will be the most exciting commission of my life."

I agree

FINALLY, the hitherto untold story of how Annignoni nearly refused to finish his portrait of the Queen can be told for the first time.

He had accepted the commission to paint the Queen without hesitating. He knew it was an opportunity that could place him in the forefront of the world's artists. Nothing was signed, no contract was drawn up. He simply wrote a letter agreeing to paint the portrait and accepted without question the fee of £2,000.

From the start everything went smoothly. Officials of the Fishmongers Company saw the preliminary sketches and even went, occasionally, to Buckingham Palace to see how the portrait was progressing.

There was no hint of trouble until Annignoni discovered they were making plans to release the painting to the Press and to handle reproduction of the portrait themselves.

He wrote to Colonel Stirling, head of the Fishmongers Company, pointing out that he reserved the right to the copyright of the painting himself.

The Fishmongers Company replied that the copyright of a painting belongs not to the artist but to whoever had commissioned it and they must insist on their rights.

But under Italian law the copyright of any painting always rests with the artist. Too late Annignoni discovered that English law was different. He took legal

advice, but was told that in any court of law here he would stand no chance.

This was not the end of the dispute. Hitherto it had been confined to letters between Annignoni and the Fishmongers Company. Now it flared up openly.

Annignoni told me: "It was never a question of money, although as a matter of principle I thought it was completely wrong that they should be able to make far more money out of the copyright than they had paid me for painting the portrait.

"Far more important to me was complete control over all the reproductions to ensure that only the finest copies should be made.

"I was also fighting for my fellow artists. I found out too late that legally I was in the wrong but morally I was, and still am, convinced I was right. This was a trial case and was a situation that any artist might have to face. I received active support from many of them in the dispute."

Upset

IT was the day after this that I can remember sitting talking to him as he leaned on his silver-topped cane in the first-floor sitting-room of his furnished flat in Kensington, just after he had returned from one of his last sittings with the Queen.

"All right," he told me with a smile. "I am legally in the wrong, but remember that I am the only one who can say when the portrait is finished and it could be that there will be some small piece of detail on the Queen's dress that I could not get quite right and it could take me five, 10, or even 15 years to finish it."

The bare facts were published the following day under the headline "Row over Queen's portrait," but this was nothing to the row that went on in secret behind the scenes.

Richard Bone of The Green, Ewell, Surrey, who has a 10-roomed house at Versailles all to himself.

French friends gave him an open invitation but his visit coincided with their summer holidays in Brittany so they left the keys for him.

"It is like a Jean Cocteau stage setting," he says. "There is a huge salon, a grand piano but no stool. In the kitchen there is one small saucepan. With that I cook."

"There is a vast central heating boiler in the cellar which would need a ton of coal to start up, but the water heater in the bathroom is almost medieval."

Bone has just graduated at Manchester University in politics and modern history, thought he would visit Paris before his call-up. In Manchester he lived in a bed-sitter.

Hush-hush Paris

TWO moves in the Paris anti-police campaign—Roger Genetier, the Prefect of Police, is to make alienators compulsory on motorcycles. A portable sign "Taxi Wanted," lit up at night, is being adopted by Paris restaurant doorknockers.

Le cricket

THERE is cricket in a village green in the Standard Athletic Club's sports ground, Meudon near Paris, where people from Commonwealth countries and British public houses play.

SORAYA... "THE ONE WOMAN WHOSE FACE HAUNTS ME..."

The Queen was most upset, but not with Annignoni. Her private secretary, Colonel Charteris, immediately got in contact with the Fishmongers Company and pointed out that the Queen was extremely annoyed about such a public row.

He said she had agreed to pose for the portrait as a matter of courtesy to the Fishmongers Company and that any dispute they might have with the artist was no concern of hers.

Settled...

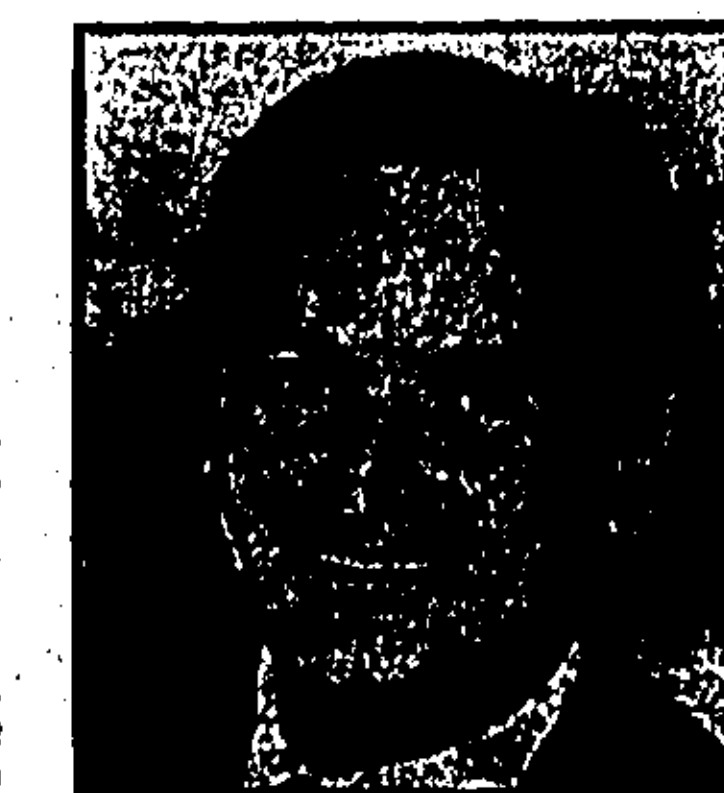
THE following day a very nervous Annignoni had another sitting with the Queen and he went to the Palace in fear of what she was going to say to him. In fact, she hardly mentioned it.

All she said was: "I hope this will all be cleared up and will not happen again, but I do not want you to be deprived of what you believe to be right."

The dispute was settled in 24 hours and while the Fishmongers Company kept all the rights of the British Commonwealth Annignoni was given them for the rest of the world, and also the right to supervise all the reproductions.

The dispute which threatened the Queen's greatest portrait was finally settled amicably. It had been caused only by the difference between English and Italian law which nobody had noticed beforehand. Only a few weeks later he was commissioned to paint the Duke of Edinburgh by the Fishmongers Company.

I WAS the first person to see the preliminary sketches



GEORGES CRAVENNE
Married Françoise Arnoul
(See FRANÇOISE MARRIES)

There I met the only cricket-playing Frenchman—48-year-old Henri Natanson, secretary of a British charitable fund in Paris.

"I love cricket," he told me, "though I am too old to learn any strokes of my own."

Has M. Natanson tried to interest other Frenchmen in the game? Not since he brought one up to watch a match. After some time his friend said: "What are the two grounds in the white coats doing out there?"

Quotes of the week

WRITER: Blaise Cendrars, who is of Swiss origin: "I might go and live in Switzerland permanently. I have always dreamed of a country where the mountains are higher than the taxation."

ROBERT: Courtine, a French novelist: "There are two very good reasons why I am not a collector. One is that I have no money. The other is that I have no taste."

FIVE GOURMETS MEET FOR DINNER

...and decide that no one can succeed their 'prince'

NOW that Curnonsky is dead who will wear the mantle of No. 1 Gourmet? No one. But the gastronomical dictatorship of France passes into the hands of five people who are now the arbiters of what is good to eat.

They have decided that there can be no one successor to the "prince." They will dine together next October 12, his birthday, to toast his memory. There will be a vacant seat at the dinner.

Who are the five? They are Marcel Granicher, 60 years old, with 20 books, many on gastronomy, to his credit, including "Fifty Years At Table," Simon Arbellot, age 62, a member of the Académie des Gastronomes (like the French Academy, limited to 40 members); Francis Amantegui, 55-year-old member of L'Académie des Psychologues du Gout; and Robert Courtine, 40-year-old London collector and author of two books on food and restaurants.

The fifth is a woman—Miss Jacqueline Demare, who knows

as much about good wine and food as any Frenchman, and whose opinion is frequently sought on both.

Most Frenchwomen are excellent cooks. But it is unusual for a Frenchwoman to have equal status with men as a food authority.

Mlle Demare, a lively brunette, has been with the "prince" at

Scallops marking the waist will give a bolero effect. A small tambourin hat in the same material will match the dress.

At the reception she will wear a contrasting dress in white organza with a very full skirt and embroidered with lilacs of the valley.

Françoise, who is 25, is marrying 42-year-old Georges

PARIS NEWSLETTER

by WILLIAM ROLAND

many dinners. "I learned everything I know from him," she says, "he was a bachelor and he called me his 'little adopted daughter.'"

She hopes soon to visit London for the first time. She is very curious about the steak pudding.

Françoise marries

FOR her wedding at the Town Hall of Louveciennes, near Paris, debutante-hatched French film star Françoise Arnoul will wear a dress (designed by her friend, Balmain) in a smart and close-fitting, with high neck and long wide in a white lace and tulle.

Cravenne, a publicity agent in show business. They have known each other for years, decided to get married during last year's film festival at Cannes.

Neither has been married before. The 500 guests will include Maurice Chevalier, Michele Morgan, Brigitte Bardot, Micheline Presle and Gina Lollobrigida. Françoise has just finished making Paris, Palace Hotel with Charles Boyer, her 20th film. After a honeymoon in Achin, Italy, she will go back to film making.

16 rooms

MANY Britons on holiday in Paris are in small crowded hotels. Now, 16-year-old



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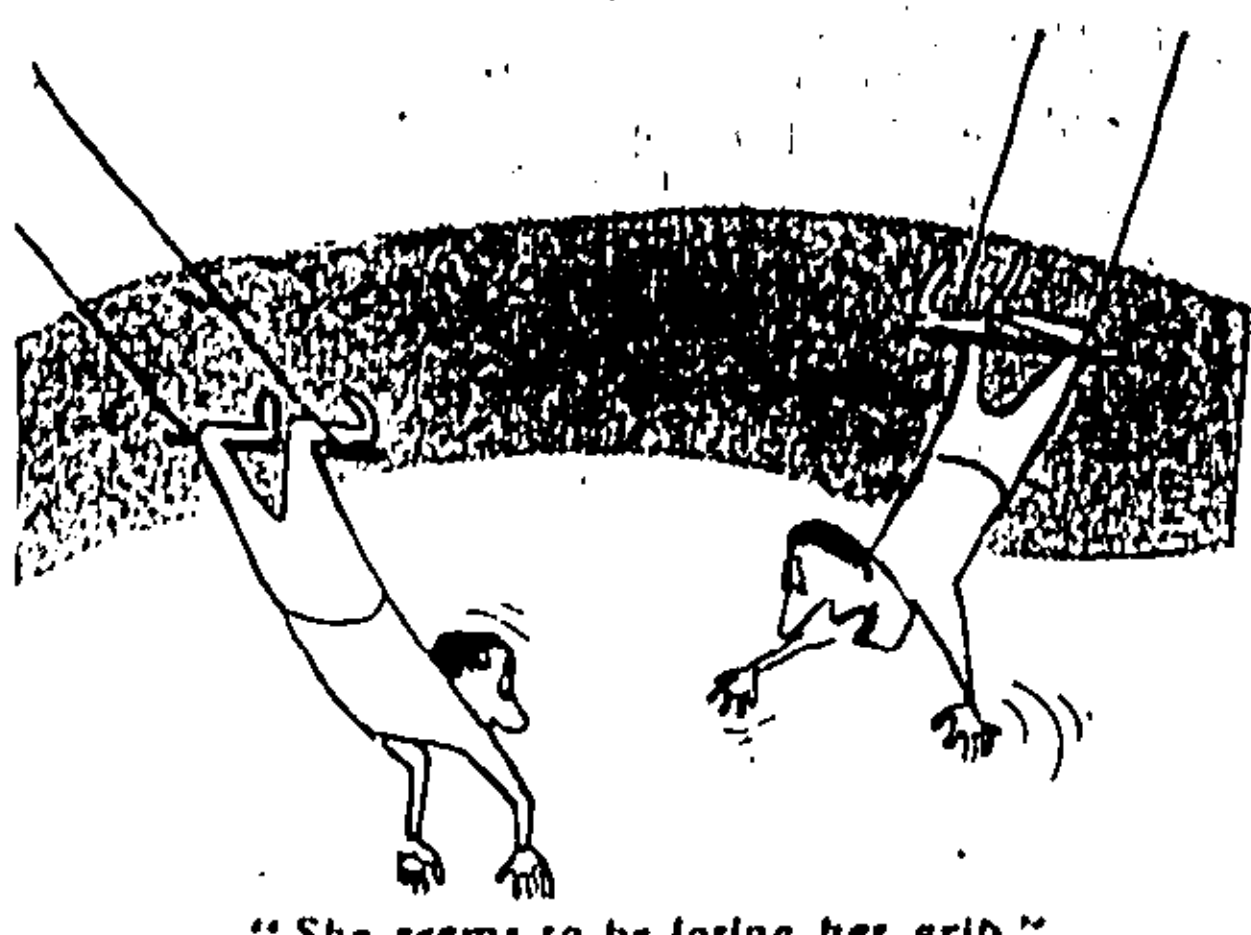


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ZANIES



"She seems to be losing her grip."



"When we want your advice we'll ask for it!"



"It got so darned complex I thought I'd call it Cyprus!"

THIS MAN NASSER

LIKE HITLER HE TOO HAS WRITTEN HIS 'MEIN KAMPF'

This time it's the son of a clerk in the Post Office climbing to power on the old programme of HATE...

By DONALD EDGAR

He will have read the English newspapers—he always does read the English papers as soon as they arrive.

He will have read the comments, "Nasser, the tin-pot Hitler"... "Nasser, the phoney Pharaoh"... "Nasser threatens the oil for the West"....

And as he reads them in his study built on to his modest bungalow, there will be pride in his soul.

He will not mind the insulting references, "Nasser" is mentioned, "Nasser" has captured the headlines, "Nasser" has caused crisis meetings in Downing Street "Nasser" is important.

And Nasser, the son of the post office clerk of Bani Mur, the poor village in Upper Egypt, will feel satisfied for the moment.

The sense of inferiority that has haunted him all his life will be eased. The vanity assuaged.

LAW SCHOOL

BANI MUR was far from Cairo and Alexandria. Far from the exciting life of the great cities, Gamal Abdel Nasser was clever; he knew his own capacity; he grew up into a handsome young man.

But all chances of a career suited to his own opinion of his talents seemed closed to him.

He wanted to enter the military academy as a cadet. But he was poor, with little influence. The pashas and their friends, the cosmopolitan society world of Alexandria and Cairo, had never heard of Gamal Abdel Nasser.

So he went into the law school and spent his time talking politics... listening to stories of the Arabs' great past, listening to stories of corruption, listening to stories about the arrogance of the British overlords, learning to hate.

RIOTING

STUDENTS in Egypt did not have rage. They had political riots. And the British were there as usual people to riot against.

And young Nasser joined the screaming mobs and fought the police. He was arrested... but only for a few days. He was slightly injured, having another day of rioting.

He had won his spurs in the alleys of Cairo. And then, whether it was a result of his street work or not known, he was given a place in the academy.

There was a time there when young Nasser—he was 19—almost loved the British. The academy was run on Sandhurst lines. There were British officers as lecturers.

And Nasser, the man who dreamed of power, used to sit and admire the easy sense of mastery, the calm assumption of superiority of the British.

THE WAR

BUT then the cadets would talk among themselves... would repeat the term by which they said they were known to the British... "Wog". And the old hatred burned the fiercer... all the fiercer because it was mingled with respect.

He would then remember what he had shouted at the skies as a boy, "Oh, God Almighty! May a calamity betake the English!"

As a young officer he was to see more of the British. He served in the Sudan. In the Second War he was attached to the British Army in the Western Desert. In appearance, now a handsome 6 ft. man in his twenties, he could have passed as a fine, upstanding British officer.

CLIMBER

BUT haunting him always was the sense of inferiority. Clever, handsome, brave he might be, but wasn't he just a "Wog"?

He knew how the British despised and despised the Egyptian Army.

And in Cairo and Alexandria the hand of the British was heavy as they uncovered the pro-Axis leanings of Court and politicians.

The war ended, Nasser was 27, climbing in rank, and by his knowledge and experience beginning to be acknowledged as leader by the young officers of his generation. There were the years when the British began to depart. When Farouk's Court brought gaily extravagance, and high gambling to Cairo.

When the pashas ruled the land through corrupt government and moved in an atmosphere of lovely mistletoe, huge cars, and great houses. Nasser and his friends called them the "pashas' boys".

And then the war against Israel gave them a chance to fight, to conquer, to prove themselves. The Israelis broke their ranks, crushed their lines, and made the Egyptian Army ridiculous in the eyes of the world.

Nasser fought a brave rear-guard action and earned the rather flamboyant title of "The Lion of Falluja".

THE FAULT

IT was then in a spirit of humiliation, that the officers who had talked formed themselves round Nasser as a secret society—The Free Officers. They comforted their injured pride with the belief that all their defeats had been the fault of corrupt politicians, of a worthless king sunk in sloth and luxury.

For a time Nasser's hatred burned fiercest against Farouk and the regime. They made General Naguib, a senior and respected officer, their figurehead.

They drove out Farouk. They drove out of office the politicians. The "Liberation Rally" was to bring purity and honesty

to public life. Prosperity to the miserable fellahin. Work to the cities. Education to the masses. And independence to Egypt.

And, in the back of the minds of Nasser and his friends, they remembered schoolboy dreams of an Arab renaissance; of an Arab world stretching from Persia to the Atlantic.

During 1953 and 1954 Nasser played cat and mouse with Naguib. The general thought he could master Nasser and his friends. The old gang thought they could induce the general to throw out these young upstart officers.

AT THE TOP

IT was thus that the German High Command had thought it would use and then master the one-time Corporal Hitler.

But Hitler won. And so did Nasser.

In April 1954 the boy from Bani Mur, now 36, became Prime Minister of Egypt and Military Governor of the country.

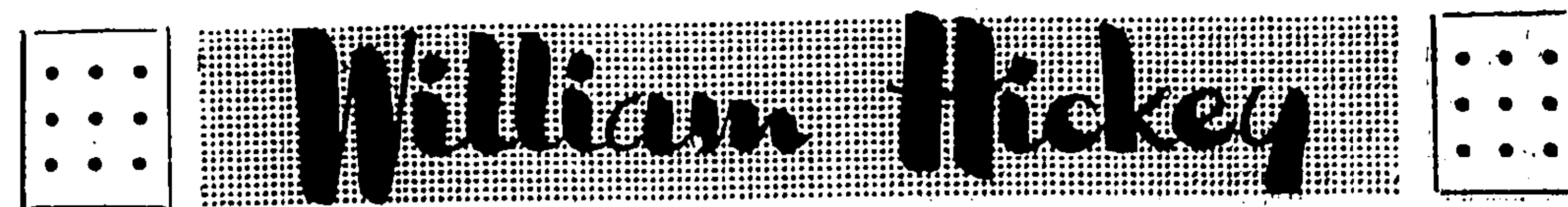
By now, hate had become part of his being, provided the motive force of his life.

And, like all revolutionaries, he dared not stay still.

But there was Britain still occupying the Canal Zone. There were the foreign financial interests. And there, also, was the Suez Canal.

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MONDAY: THE FLIRTATION WITH THE KREMLIN



London. Michael Hastings—now stirring up wide controversy. They are making us wonder whether life in the Welfare State is all it's cracked up to be. George was sun-tanned—just back from a holiday at Selsey, Sussex. He is tall, good-looking, charming, polite, hesitant.

Not, I confess freely, the stuff I thought to make a rebel. I was wrong. George has punctured some thick skins. He is 30. He belongs to the future.

Cranbrook's guest at Glemham House, Suffolk. She has written to her husband in Singapore.

"I had always thought English blue-bloods as rather too sophisticated and haughty. Now I know they are modest, considerate and humble. My pupil earl even has patches on the seat of his trousers!"

Said Lord Cranbrook of his teacher: "She's very tolerant."

I SYMPATHISE WITH...

I HEAR THAT...

A TOURIST said to a policeman in Trafalgar Square: "I'm an American. Could you direct me to 'Buckminster Castle'?"

The policeman gave him directions for Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, and Windsor Castle.

JOHNNY HAZARD



● We are fighting our greatest battle for the liberation of our country from all fetters and shackles.

● I really believe that imperialism is playing a one-card game only in order to threaten. If ever it knew that there were Egyptians ready to shed their blood and to meet force by force it would withdraw and recoil like a harlot. This, of course, is the state and habit of imperialism everywhere.

● The truth that is latent in our depths is this: Whatever we imagine to be the truth is, in fact, the truth plus the contents of our souls. Our souls are but the vessels wherein lives everything in us, and the shape of this vessel gives form to whatever is introduced into it, even facts.

● Positive action is the only way to, in any way stand aside from the sanguinary and dreadful struggle now raging in the heart of Africa between 5,000,000 whites and 200 million Africans.

● We live in a society that has not yet crystallized. It is still boiling over and restless.

● As I see it I am facing a world that has no boundaries.

● A few months ago I read some articles about me by a Jewish officer named Jordan Cohen, in the Jewish Observer, in them he related how he met me during the discussions of the Arabists.

● The subject that Nasser discussed with me, he stated, "was Israel's struggle against the English, how we succeeded in mobilizing world opinion against them."

● We cannot, even if we wish to, in any way stand aside from the sanguinary and dreadful struggle now raging in the heart of Africa between 5,000,000 whites and 200 million Africans.

Louis Wain: Tragedy Of The Cat Man

By LESLIE AYRE

IT was a little black kitten that began it. The small creature, frolicking on the mat before the fire in a London home, was much like other kittens stalling imaginary prey, crouching, pouncing, claying, rolling, enjoying itself.

But because it was performing under the eye of a creative artist, the ordinary black kitten, all unknowing, was signposting the way for a long line of cats that were far from ordinary.

The watcher of the young animal at play was a London musician turned artist. His name was Louis Wain.

As he watched he knew as little as did the black kitten that cats were to be the major preoccupation of his life. Indeed, they were to become an obsession, following him even into the darkness of a shadowed mind.

Like many other professional comics, Wain was a serious man—the clown who wanted to play Hamlet. He hunkered after time as an artist on the big scale, but comical cats became his livelihood and even his life.

He was born in London in August, 1860. Passionately fond of music, he began studying with the idea of taking it up as his profession. But in his later teens the attractions of drawing and painting became gradually stronger, and when he was 17 he went to the West

sisters in Bromsbury, where he did much of his drawing. And all the time he was pouring out pictures of cats. He thought cats and dreamed cats; they were with him always. The Louis Wain Cat appeared everywhere, in all sorts of papers, magazines, books, calendars. Children loved them—and so did their parents. The first of a long series of Louis Wain Annuals came out in 1901.

Old associates recall him today as a tall, dark man with a yellow complexion and "doggy" eyes with drooping lids. He took himself very seriously, and was not inclined to crack jokes, and in the course of conversation, his mind would sometimes wander away into its own private world, returning only reluctantly to the business at hand.

When he called at the old Moorfields premises of Messrs. Raphael Tuck, for whom he did many hundreds of drawings, ideas would be suggested to him and he would take a sheet of paper and sketch in an oval shape and then sketching in it a nose, round which would grow the figure of a cat.

Not only did Wain long to be known as a serious artist but he also had a misguided idea that he was a business man and would bubble on the Stock Exchange, almost always backing losers. Indeed, while working for a period in New York, he encountered a man who had invented a new form of oil lamp calculated to sweep the market. He put his savings into the project, which collapsed, and he found himself faced with the prospect of starting all over again—from nothing.

The only way was to keep up the huge output of cat drawings, but eventually he began to overwork his market, for public taste was changing. He drew on through World War I and did some work for films, but his finances reached a low level. The last Louis Wain Annual appeared in 1921—and soon his mind was becoming clouded. A fall from a bus accentuated the trouble and the darkness closed round him. His brain became seriously disordered and he was certified as insane in 1928.

It was two years later that Mr. Dan Rider, a publicist visiting a member of the board of governors, found Wain there. Mr. Rider got to work quickly and interested a number of people in Wain's plight. Mrs. Cecil Chesterton issued an appeal, and a committee was formed, as a result of which an exhibition of Wain's paintings and drawings was staged at the Twenty-One Gallery in London. Wain was transferred to the Royal Bethlem Hospital, where he could have his own room and be provided with all the materials for his work. And there, for years he worked in his own world—but a change came over the pictures he produced.

That longing to be a more serious artist was recalled during those years in which he was shut away from his fellows. There was much more attention to "landscapes" and other details in his pictures—but into almost every one of them a cat found its way.

Wain died in 1939, shortly before the outbreak of World War II. He was 78.

But even when his own tragic life was ended disaster struck the works he had left behind.

Hundreds upon hundreds of his drawings were stored in Raphael Tuck's Moorfields premises when they were shattered by bombing in 1940. Out of that huge collection only two originals remain.

(COPYRIGHT)

By Frank Robbins



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Paris opened its Autumn fashion shows last week
Today the Mail's Fashion Service tells the full story

WHAT DIOR IS UP TO... IN DETAIL

And this time he is calling it The Magnet Line

STORY BY JOY MATTHEWS

DRAWINGS BY ROBB

ON a boiling day in Paris a breathless crowd fanned themselves to life with pale pink fans (a present from the Master) as they watched the world's most breathtaking collection.

Dior called his autumn-winter collection the Magnet Line. But it was as hard to see the Magnet as it had been to see the Arrow.



At least it was rounded at the top with a hem-line tapering in to give the horseshoe shape of a magnet. This showed mostly in the coats of thick, rustic tweed for daytime, or rich satin for evening.

The sleeves were set in at about four inches down the arm in the front—but not set in at all at the back. The effect was very much like the Arrow at the top but the fulness tapering to a narrow look at the hem was reminiscent of Dior's earlier Tulip Line.

COATS

No collars—but were high enough to give a warm, cuddled-up look and many had milk ties tucked in at the neck for extra warmth.



The "1912" suit of wool, the skirt only two inches above the ankle.

With these coats were unwearable hats of unmentionable shape that only needed a handle to complete their ugliness.

SUITS

Again of tweed, the jackets rather like the Arrow Line he showed in the summer with three-quarter-length sleeves.

But the skirt had slight padding on the hips to accentuate the narrow Dutch trouser look of the skirt.

With his suits he showed blouses of matching tweed or beautiful chiffons of exactly the same colour. These had delicate necklines and perhaps a matching cravat to fill in the low neckline which showed the top of the jacket.

One magnificent double-breasted suit was of palest coffee and grey check tweed with a simple blouse of coffee-grey antelope—so fine that it looked like satin.

This blouse had its matching antelope scarf and a planter's hat of antelope.

Over all this was an enormous milk coat in a new colour he calls graphite.

DRESSES

Mostly straight with a high bust-line. Many had tiny bell-belts just under the bust in front, leaving the back unbelted. Others had mortalgale belts at the back.

To accentuate the horseshoe look here, there were hip pockets higher at the front than at the back.

Most dresses had matching jacket, and many had pot hats of the same material.

The length of the skirt was mid-calf, and all sleeves were three-quarter length or short. There were no long sleeves anywhere.

LATE DAY DRESSES

The same line as the morning dresses, but slightly longer. He uses faille, grosgrain satin and

LEFT TO RIGHT: BLACK AFTERNOON DRESS WITH CROSS-OVER STOLE AND EGYPTIAN HAT OF PARTNER FUR; TWEED SUIT WITH JACKET RESEMBLING ARROW LINE, BUT SLIGHTLY PADDED HIP; SHORT, EVENING DRESS. MAGNET LINE SHOWN ON HIGH HORSOSHOE FRONT DIPPING AT BACK.

rich brocades. All had either matching jackets or long magnet-shaped coats or long bouffant evening dresses in the collection. Most of the dresses were short with horseshoe shaped necklines which dropped to the back to complete the magnet look.

Others were more Empire than ever in pastel chiffon with Mme. Recamier bodices and softly falling skirts.

These skirts were rather slumped over the hips and gave a slightly mean look.

COLOURS

Black, white, and red were the main colours. The reds ranged from violent vermillion to vivid scarlet. Tweeds were often woven in black and red or white and red. There were many muted colours and a new shade which was a cross between coffee and grey.

For evening, lots of rich reds but also some pale colours like fendant pink and sea-green.

Mostly hideous. Apart from the purely pot hats there were Egyptian Pharaoh hats, high as they could go in the inverted flower pots, and large lampshade hats very much like the ones we have been wearing this summer.

For evening Dior showed miniature monkey-like hats with feathers or satin berries embroidered to match evening dresses.

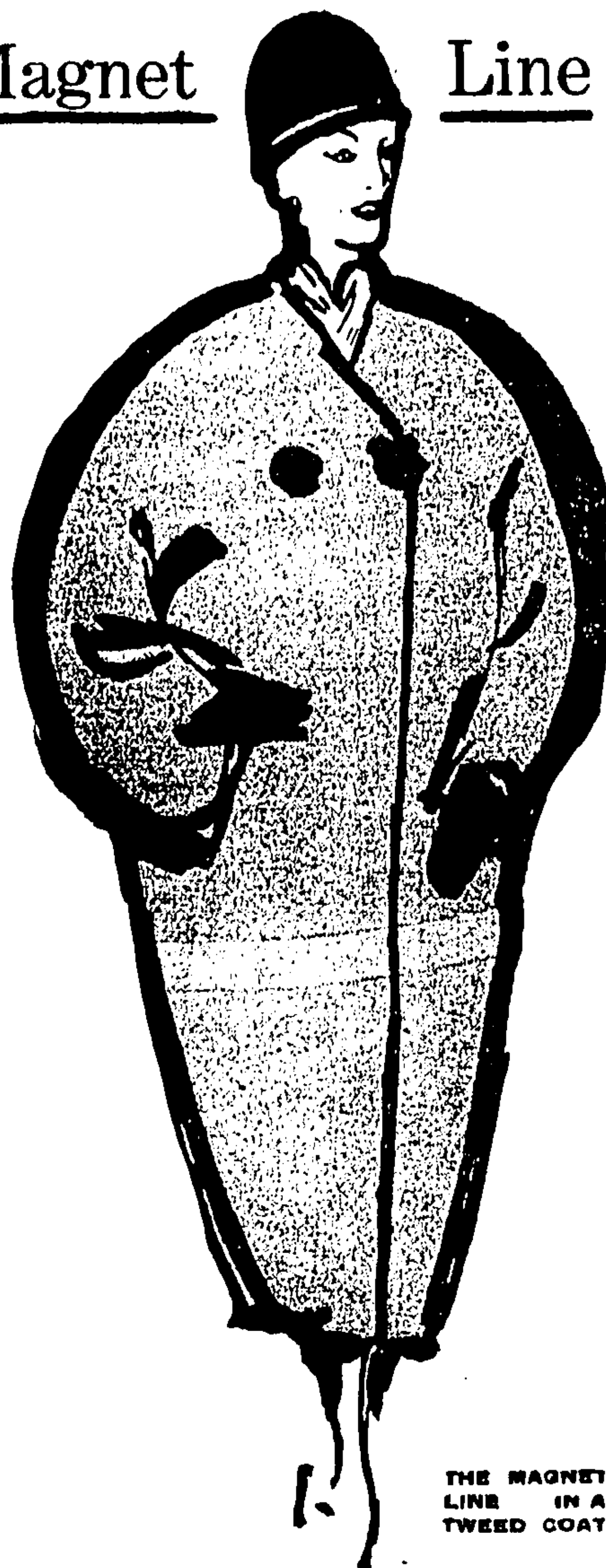
FOR THE FUTURE

A gasp of despair was heard above the electric fans as four models appeared showing day-time suits with the hem-line only two inches from the ground.

These were definitely 1912 with long, straight skirts in grey tweed or black wool sleeveless blouses and matching jackets.

One in black wool had a big collar which was worn over the hat like a sail.

With these dresses the models wore pre-1914 War shoes with pointed toes and Louis XV heels.



THE MAGNET LINE IN A TWEED COAT

The Seven Stages Of Pre-Man

By AMANDA MARSHALL

THEY speak of the Seven Ages of Man, but as yet the Seven Stages of Pre-Man (or woman) seem to me to have been uncharted.

A preliminary catalogue to ante-motherhood, for those expecting a first baby, is always a handy thing to keep by you—or for your husband to keep by him, so that unwelcome surprises may be avoided when

launching out into the unknown.

The how-different-the-world-looks stage. This is when you feel people really ought to stop and congratulate you in the street. But maddeningly, no one notices any differences whatsoever. You buy a lot of magazines with advice on what to wear and what to do, and feverishly start to make lists.

EIGHT MONTHS

Cynical friends, who have been through it all before, keep telling you there is plenty of time—about eight months of it.

The something-must-happen-soon stage. This is the time for accumulating yourself to a hardish, narrowish belt in the ante-natal clinic queue. Every one else looks like a moribund, and stares at you as though you are nothing but a fraud.

The here-we-go stage. A curious sinking feeling may come over you at the thought of breakfast. Or you may find on the way to the bus that your legs appear to be very reluctant to move at all.

To cheer yourself up you make a trip round a maternity department. You come away with some interesting garments which all looked revealing in magazine photographs, but make you look like a small parachute snapper about without an owner.

When you wear them, people stare up at you in bewilderment. The same time giving you the sort of look that means they are much better off without. In earnest. On the other hand, they suffer more from test nerves than women.

marked reluctance to take you even quite a short journey.

The will-it-be-twins stage. This is frankly worrying. Students at the ante-natal clinic will be encouraged to guess whether you should be eating for two or three. Roaring with happy laughter, they will reassure you, but the seeds of doubt have been sown in your mind.

A good many of your friends will say gloomily: "But how can they be absolutely sure? Just look at the size you are, darling," and tell you hair-raising stories about battalions of friends who suddenly had twins without anyone even guessing. "Right up to the last moment, no one had an idea. Such a shock. And, of course she had barely enough clothes for one."

A KNITTER

The what-on-earth-must-I-buy-next stage. If you are a knitter and a sewer and a planter, this stage does not apply. For the less planned among us, this time is frenzied. All your friends will tell you completely different things, about how many nappies are imperative, whether to buy vests with tapes or vests that go on over the head, the vital importance of the complete set of booties, and other contradictory but freely given pieces of information.

Thus forewarned and generally bewildered, you will find yourself stocking the house for some sort of invasion by armies of babies.

This is also the moment when the world will tell you, continually, that you will regret not having taken their advice about special vitamin tablets. The other half will tell you you are much better off without. It depends entirely on what they're beginning.

did, which was, of course, the right and only thing. About now, you will have the sort of nightmares that explain how "throwing the baby out with the bathwater" originated.

The it-may-never-happen stage. This is very enjoyable. Euphoria sets in, and just as you cannot remember a time when there wasn't this baby, so it seems it and you will be part and parcel of the same Dome of Discovery until the end of time.

IN THE BATH

All your parachute clothes now look as though they were meant for you after all, and from the neck up you seem like some now and beautiful person made of peaches and rose petals. Little practical difficulties like putting on your shoes and stockings, turning over in bed, and spooning your food over the bulge so that you don't spill it down your lovely parrotches, don't seem to matter at all.

Much time can be spent in the bath, contemplating the shape of the future through the steam. The only distressing thing about this delectable time is the way all your friends keep asking you how it is you haven't had the thing months ago.

The this-is-it-thum stage. By now it's too late to do anything whatsoever, even learn how to relax. The baby should have arrived a week ago and is still with you. Any form of entertainment that takes you further afield than the local cinema, seems tempting Providence and unfair on your husband.

By now you know most of your contradictory Baby Books by heart, and there is absolutely nothing to do except keep apologizing to all your friends who telephone and are outraged to find you still around. This stage leads inevitably into the "Oh, my baby" stage. That's what you think it's beginning.

A WOMAN AT THE WHEEL

By LISA MOYNIHAN

THIS month 6,000 women drivers will discard their L plates and drive safely off—thanks in great part to Miss Denise McCann.

All 6,000 will have been pupils at the school of motoring of which Miss McCann is the managing director.

Since she was appointed to the job five years ago she has covered more than 80,000 miles behind the wheel of her own fast car persuading her instructors throughout the country that women learners need a DIFFERENT approach.

MORE WOMEN

The result? Last year two per cent more women than men pupils passed the driving test first time. So far this year it is three per cent more.

I met this lively little woman, now in her mid-forties at her training school for instructors in Putney. She had just watched a "stooge" pupil—a nurse from a local hospital—being put through her paces by an instructor-to-be.

"Women DO need special handling," she said. "It's as simple as that. Then they can be every bit as good behind a wheel as a man."

"And safer," said Chief Instructor Bob Cooper. "When, asked Cooper, who has taught for 30 years on everything from a T Model Ford to the modern clutchless car—when did you last hear of a woman summoned for dangerous driving? Men are altogether more aggressive."

"The main point is that women are NOT mechanically minded," said Miss McCann, as her dozen new instructors (none with less than 10 years' driving experience) went on with lesson one of their grilling, month's course.

"But women are more receptive learners than men—and they do not mind asking 'dilly questions'."

I listened in to the lesson—technique for women learners. "Depress accelerator," and "release accelerator," became "gas on" and "gas off." "Clutch in" and "clutch out" (which always seemed to me the OPPOSITE of what it said)

became "clutch down" and "clutch up."

Changing gear was given a pleasant old-time dancing touch. Just put your left foot down and your right foot up. Move gear lever. Hold it. Lovely. Now put your right foot down and your left foot up.

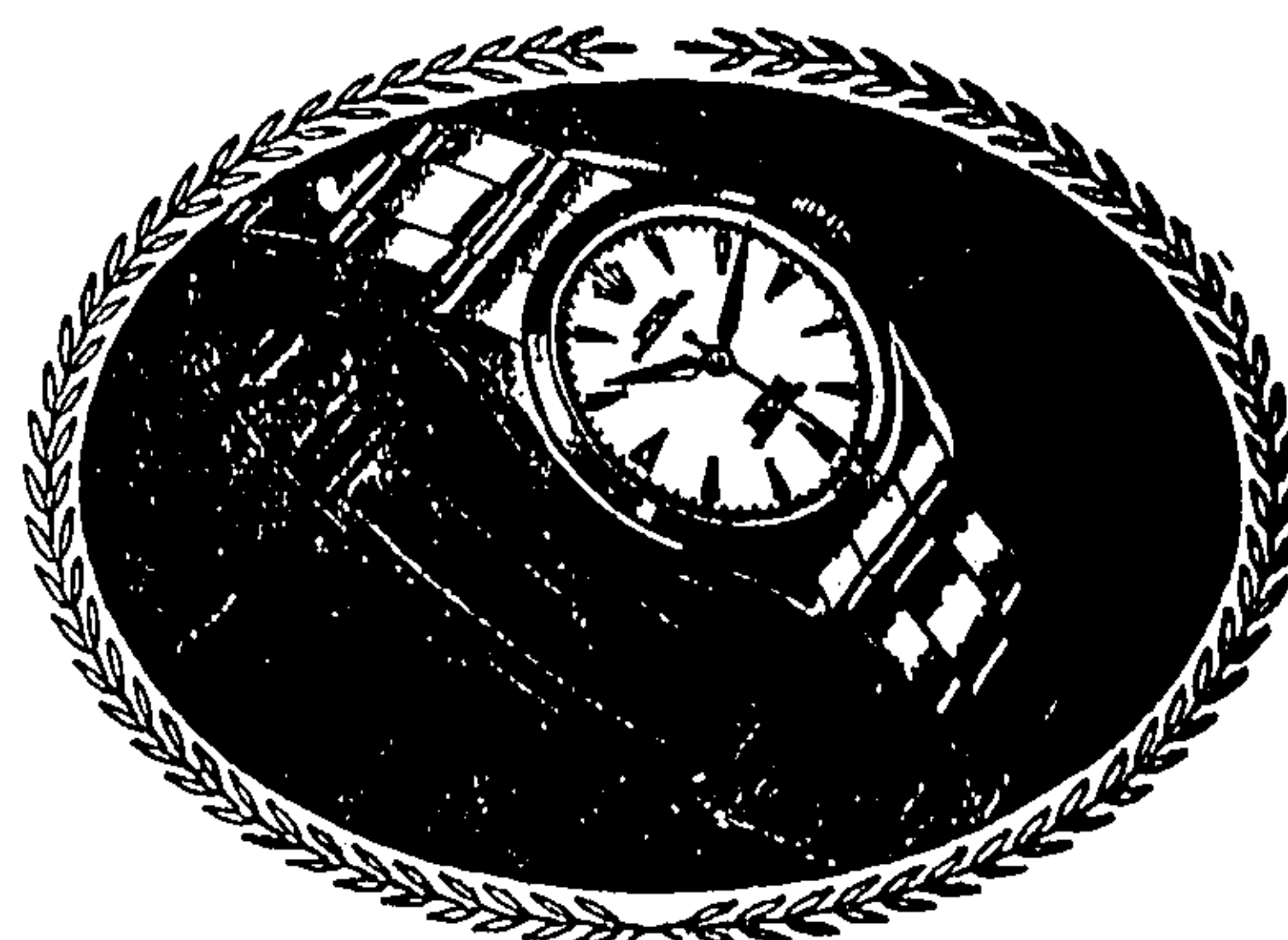
But before this graceful change in gear, the instructor is briefed to warn women on these lines: "We shall need to change gear in a moment. We'll be changing from ONE to TWO."

Never, the instructors were warned, ask a woman pupil to change up or change down. Teach her gear positions by numbers—and give instructions by numbers....

I waited until we were outside the schoolroom to ask Miss McCann if the same methods wouldn't work with men pupils.

"Not on your life," she replied. "Men test instinctively that they should know about cars and try to play up to this. Until they know the facts from they suffer more from test nerves than women."

A gold watch
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price of a
stainless steel watch



The Rolex "Golden Egg" has all the prestige and good looks of a gold watch, because the front of the Oyster case is covered with a thick layer of solid gold. But underneath there is steel, giving strength and keeping the price down. The movement is wonderfully accurate and is permanently protected from water, dust and all other harmful elements by the 100% waterproof Oyster case.

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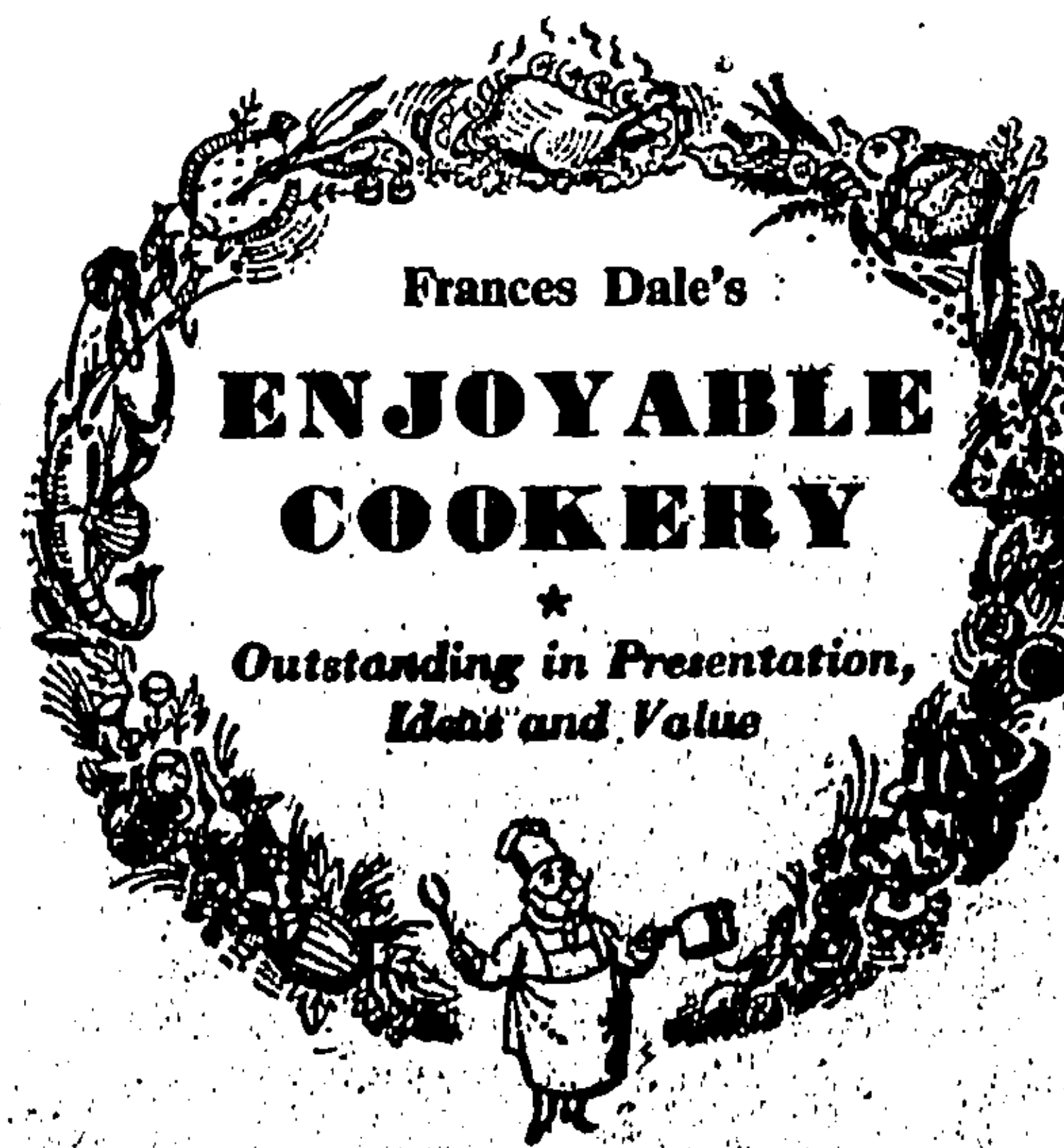
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GROUP photo taken at the Catholic Centre of a reception given by members of Loretto International in the Far East in honour of the Rev. Fr Thomas Phillips, SJ, who was for many years associated with the Loretto School in Shanghai. Fr Phillips was recently released from prison by the Communists.



AT the Lions Club luncheon at the Correspondents' Club, Mr Andro Pfaff is the speaker. Others in picture are, from left, Mr Alfred A. Tavares Jr., Mr C. L. Hau, Dr Francis K. Pan (President) and Mr Ginarn Lao. (Staff Photographer)



BRIDAL group after the wedding at the Kowloon Tong Church of Mr Peter Sik-ming Hung and Miss Sarah Wing-ching Fung. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mr L. C. Saville, Postmaster-General (centre), explaining postal organisation routine to Mr Parkin Wong and the Hon. C. E. M. Terry at the opening of the new Shumshuipo Post Office. (Staff Photographer)



MR Kho Kiem-an and his bride, formerly Miss Lily Ip, toasting each other at their wedding reception held at the Peninsula Hotel. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: The Hon. Sir Tsun-nin Chau (in long gown) snapped with Mr Tung Chung-wai and the Hon. Kwok Chan at the dinner given by the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce to congratulate him on his elevation to the Knighthood. (Staff Photographer)



WEDDING at the Roman Catholic Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception of Mr Fermin Manolo Agon and Miss Regina May Lee. (Staff Photographer)



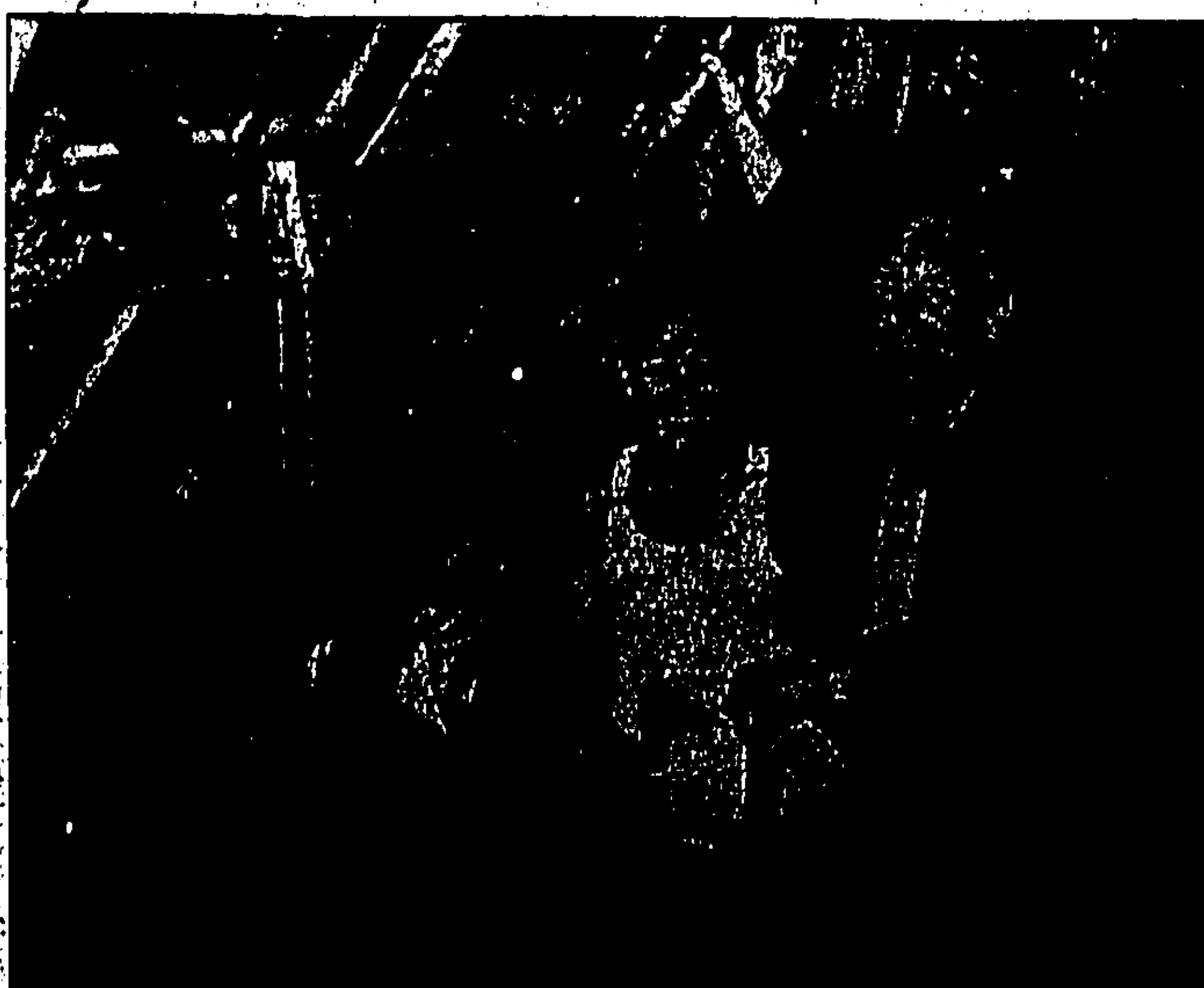
BARBARA, daughter of Mr and Mrs A. L. V. d'Eca, celebrated her fourth birthday with a party for her young friends at her parents' home in Kowloon. (Eddie Ching)



MR Victor Ardy conducting the Hongkong Concert Orchestra at rehearsal in the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong. The Orchestra has a programme of concerts and broadcasts to fulfil. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr and Mrs Tsin Nai-kam after their marriage at the Registry last Saturday. The bride was Miss Pun Tin-fong. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mr G. B. W. Harrison, United Kingdom Trade Commissioner, wearing black pongee Chinese clothing, inspecting the graphite mine on West Brother Island last week-end. The island, between Lantau and Castle Peak, has a good deposit of graphite and is exporting to world markets. (Staff Photographer)

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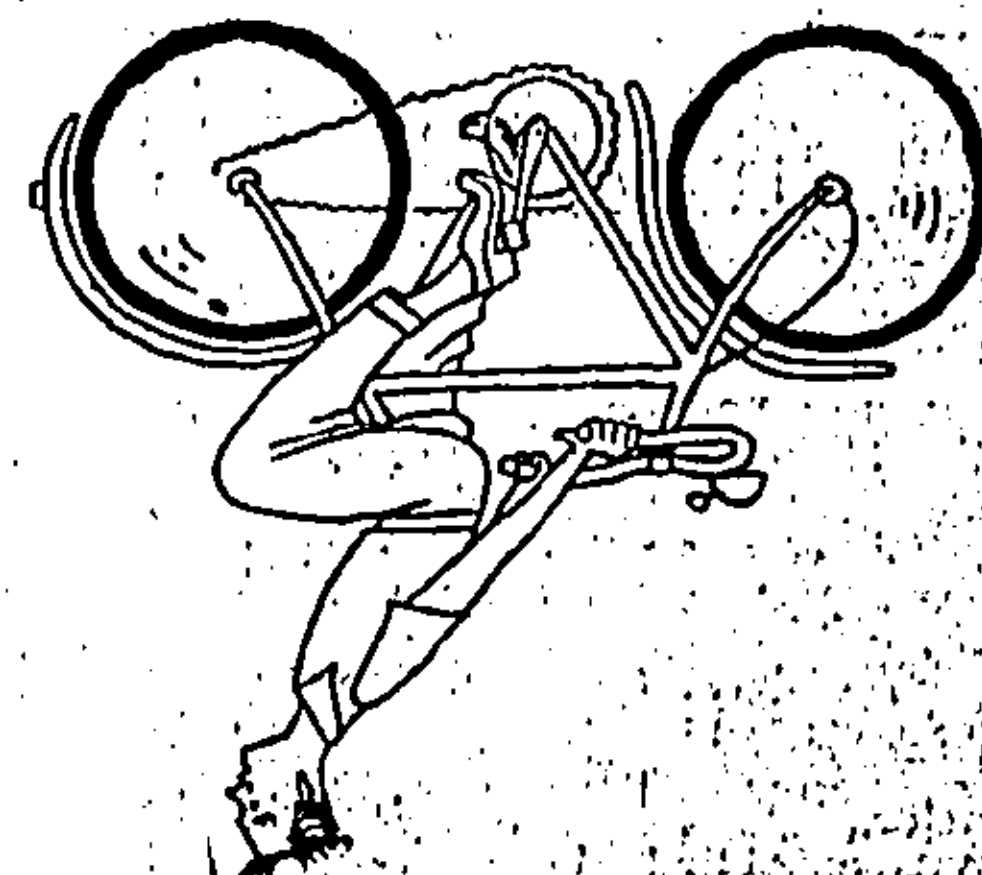
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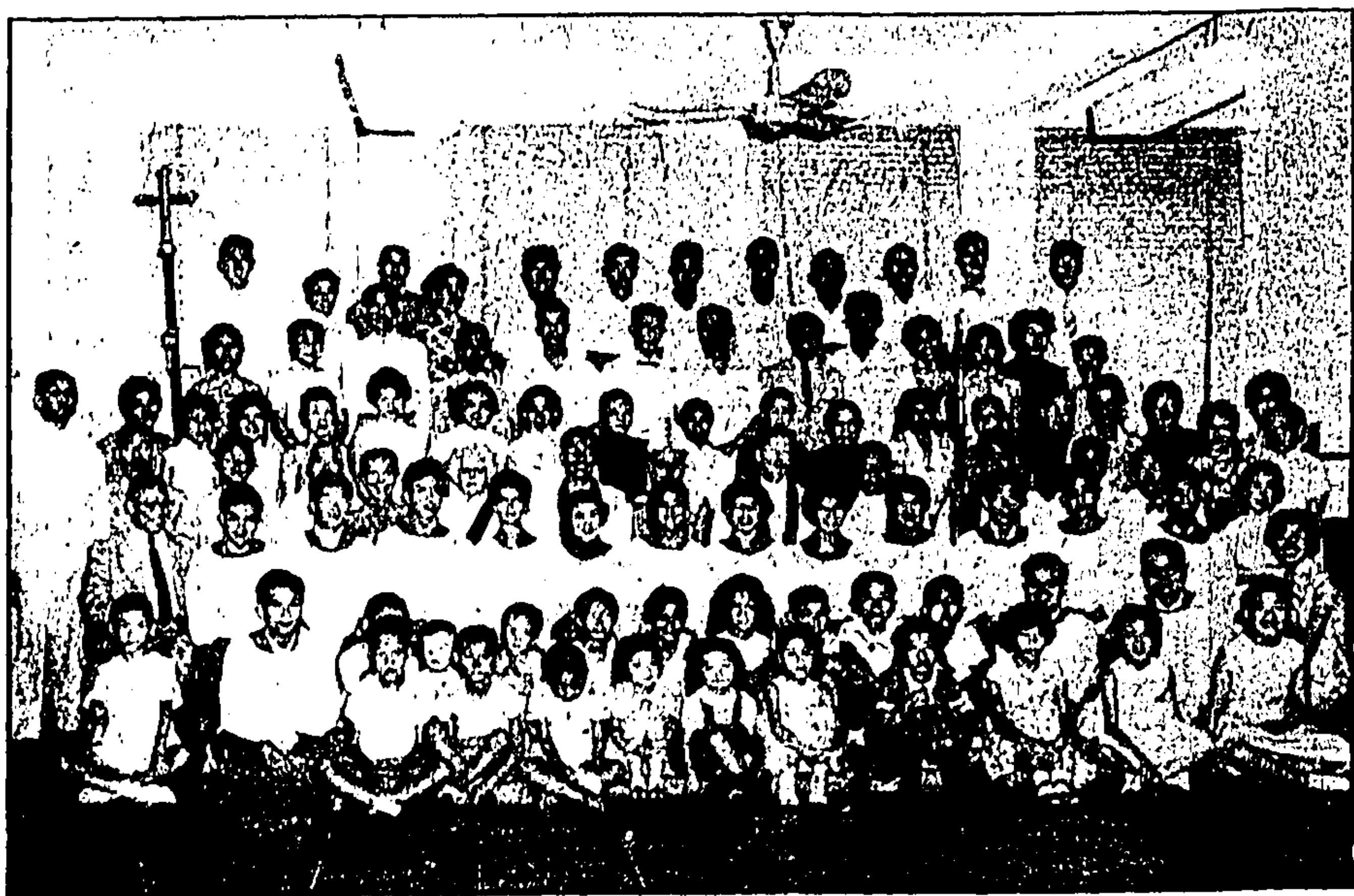
ARMY wedding at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong. The parties: Captain Robert Tym, RAMC, and Miss Elizabeth Leigh Green. (Staff Photographer)



MRS J. H. Ruttenjee (seated), who last week opened the Frani Memorial Convalescent Home for those recovering from tuberculosis, shaking hands with Mr Abbas el Arculli. The Home is dedicated to the memory of Mr and Mrs Ruttenjee's daughter. (Staff Photographer)



ELKE, daughter of Mr and Mrs G. P. Hensen, was christened at St John's Cathedral on Saturday last. Picture taken immediately after the ceremony. (Eddie Ching)



GATHERING at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Kowloon, on the occasion of the ordination of the Rev. Walter Y. H. Hsi and farewell to Deaconess B. M. F. Kudd. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Hongkong's delegates to the International Student Association Conference in Japan, who returned yesterday to the Colony. They are Mr Sung Sui-leng (left) and Mr Wong Yoke-ming, of the Hongkong University Students' Union. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Julie, daughter of Mr and Mrs M. W. Layfield, blowing out the candles on her birthday cake at her fourth birthday party. (Staff Photographer)

THE Hongkong Blood Bank has benefited from donations made a few days ago by the ship's company of HMNZS Kanlars. CERE Dawson jokes with Sister A. Kavanagh while giving his blood. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: An obstacle race at the boys' camp now being held at Stanley under the auspices of the Chinese YMCA. Picture was taken during the open day, when parents and others visited the camp. (Staff Photographer)

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MR Wilfred Lam, accompanied by the "Ribbon Trio," entertains with a song at the St Stephen's College Old Boys' Association beach gala night held at Stanley. (Staff Photographer)

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LIFE WITH ALLEN

THE notice in the small window of Joe's Cafe reads:—
**FRESH-CUT SAND-
WICHES (VARIOUS)
TEA, COFFEE,
MINERALS.**

The sandwiches are fresh enough, although the variety is a little limited. The coffee is good. Tea is never quite ready, never has been, never will be. We have given up asking for tea. We'd get coffee any-way.

The customers are more varied than the menu, and it's not at all unusual to see comparative success and object failure standing side by side, drinking coffee or chewing a fresh-cut sandwich (various). A good half of Joe's clients, however, are office-workers, some of whom seem to have been eating there, five days a week, for years.

There is little general conversation but, on occasion, a matter of world import—such as the H-Bomb, football pools, an inter-

national incident, Marilyn Monroe's future, a cricket match—may lead to an exchange of views between the regulars.

Lucas and I were having a snack lunch at Joe's recently, and some of the patrons were growing positively garrulous over the selection of the England team for the coming series of Test matches. Opinions were widely divergent, one enthusiast pressing for the democratic ideal of ten amateurs captained by a professional, and another (a Bradford-born man) pleading that, for the sake of England's prestige, the entire Yorkshire team be selected.

★ ★ ★

A third insisted that with eleven bowlers in the side (the wicketkeeper must be able to take a turn with the ball) the batting could largely look after itself.

Lucas talked quietly but knowingly on the subject. His brother knows a man who is a member of the MCC, or lives at St John's Wood—I can't remember which—but Lucas always refers to him as "My friend at Lords."

A little man, who had been listening, broke in—

"It's easy to say so-and-so and somebody else should be picked, but how d'you know they'll come off? There's such a thing as temperament, and there's factors that the general public know nothing about. My own brother Fred nearly played for England once, but it wasn't to be. Remember the Australian team that came over here and really made mince-meat of us? No, you wouldn't. A lot of you would have been twinkles in your fathers' eyes at the time. Nineteen—let's see—nineteen twenty-one it would be. It seemed nothing could stop the Aussies that year—and nothing did, though Fred might have done if only Fate had been kinder.

"Fred had been playing in ordinary club cricket the year before. He was a fastish bowler with an awkward action, clumsy but very strong. In one Saturday afternoon game, he had difficulty in keeping his footing after a shower of rain. Three or four times the ball flew out of his hand as he slipped when bringing his arm over. Twice the ball went straight up in the air and nearly caught the batsman on the head. The second time it happened, the batsman trod on his wicket.

★ ★ ★

"There was a County official watching the game and he offered Fred a trial. But when my brother turned up at the County ground, he found it wasn't any ordinary trial; it was all very hush-hush. Apparently, this official was well in with the Test selectors and he had an idea of turning Fred into a special kind of bowler: something new altogether. This chap was a wonderful talker—

"So's someone else," murmured a voice. "—but it took him all his time to explain things to Fred and to make the selectors swallow his scheme at the same time. Briefly, his idea was that Fred, with his peculiar bowling action, could be trained to toss the ball very high, almost perpendicular, so that it would come down in the vicinity of the batsman's head—a sort of high-velocity donkey-drop. "Look, I said, and I think I've read this story somewhere, or one very like it."

"Not this one, you haven't?" replied the little man, quite unabashed. "Only those in the secret trial and Fred himself know about it."

"Well, how do you know?" asked Lucas. "They had to inform me, as next-of-kin, in case Fred got involved by the Australians. Well, the long and short of it was that Fred trained in secret all that winter and all the next spring. Then at last, all England's best batsmen were assembled—sworn to secrecy, of course—at a famous country house. I can't mention names, but the place belonged to a well-known sporting peer. There's a lovely pitch in the grounds, and an eleven composed entirely of crick batsmen faced an eleven comprising Fred, his lordship and staff. Fred bowled at both ends and dismissed the cracks for forty-six—his length was erratic at first, but he was unplayable later. His lordship's team made twenty-five, and the stars batted again."

★ ★ ★

"Just a moment," someone said. "How did your brother come to be in the secret trial?" Fred's length was upwards instead of longways," explained the little man. "Anyway, he played himself into the England team that day—"

"But you said—"

The little man ignored the interruption. "Fred bowled his best. Sometimes, the ball almost disappeared from view and seemed literally to drop from the clouds. Only one of the famous batsmen had stood up to him in the first innings—a player whose name is still mentioned wherever good cricket is discussed. He'd carried his bat in the first knock. "Fred was anxious to get this great man's wicket, so he fairly tore up to the crease, hurling the ball over his shoulder. There was a tense moment that stretched into a tense minute—and then into a tense five minutes. They brought Fred another ball, then another, and another. He hurled them all up—and then came the last, knowing the Aussie would never have to face him. "How do you mean?" Lucas frowned. "Fred was too good. The balls never came down again. Good-day all."

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In the third article of this series, PAUL EINZIG answers the question:

MUST AUTOMATION BRING UNEMPLOYMENT?

DOES automation necessarily mean unemployment? Opinions are sharply divided on this question. On the one hand, most trade unionists firmly believe that they must resist or delay automation in order to avoid "technological unemployment." On the other hand, enthusiastic supporters of automation ridicule the idea that it will reduce employment.

Both camps are inclined to see only one side of the argument. Trade unionists fail to realize that technological unemployment may arise not only through redundancy but also through obsolescence. And those who reject the suggestion that progress in automation may reduce the number of jobs base their opinion too one-sidedly on the boom-like post-war conditions.

The recent dismissal of a number of workers by the Standard Motor Company as a result of the installation of an automatic transfer machine in their tractor works gave rise to a strong feeling of hostility towards automation among organized labour. That feeling has always been there beneath the surface, even though trade union spokesmen seldom miss an opportunity to pay lip service to the need for technological progress.

Acute Form

As a result of the appearance of the problem in acute form, however, many trade unionists are now inclined to discard all pretence and openly oppose automation. Their demand that there must be consultations before management introduces any automatic equipment pursues either the object of inducing management to abstain from making the change or of delaying it, or of adopting it under conditions that would greatly reduce the benefit derived from the costly operation.

Those who remember the mass unemployment of the thirties fully realise the feelings that even a remote possibility of a recurrence of that experience must arouse among workers. Their attitude must be treated with sympathy and understanding. But they should realise that their opposition to automation, or their rearguard action against it, does not safeguard them against unemployment. For automation in other countries is liable to bring about unemployment in Britain by reducing the competitive capacity of our obsolescent industries.

And, while unemployment through redundancy resulting from the progress of automation is likely to be temporary and moderate, unemployment through being left behind in the automation race is likely to be permanent and substantial. In installing automatic equipment, British motor works are merely following the example of their overseas rivals. The Ford works of Cleveland have set an example for automation.

car production. The Renault works in Paris are supposed to be even more advanced than anything that exists in the United States, according to evidence given before the Congressional Sub-Committee on Automation by Mr D. J. Davis, one of the executives of the Ford Motor Company, in October 1955.

Germany, too, benefiting from the need for rebuilding industries that were destroyed or dismantled during and after the war, is adopting the latest equipment. Soviet Russia is known to be making spectacular progress in automation.

If, as a result of the attitude of organized labour, automation should be delayed in Britain, it must mean that British exports will lose their overseas markets. This would necessarily entail large-scale unemployment, not only because less would be sold abroad but also because balance of payment difficulties would force the Government to restrict credit at home.

New Jobs

On the other hand, so long as the economy as a whole is prosperous, unemployment through redundancy is bound to be temporary. Provided that labour is sufficiently flexible, the unemployed can easily and quickly find alternative jobs. This will not be the case with unemployment through obsolescence. The loss of overseas markets and the restrictive monetary measures that would result from a fall in exports would mean an all-round decline in demand, and the workers dismissed as a result of the inadequate competitive capacity of our industries would not be able to find alternative jobs.

The way to avoid unemployment is not to hold back automation—whether through direct resistance to it, or through

insistence on terms under which it ceases to be worthwhile for firms to incur large expenditure on automatic equipment—but through abstaining from doing anything which would prevent or delay automation. So long as the economy as a whole is expanding, the redundant workers can easily find employment in other industries. In fact, it may not even be necessary for the industries which adopt automation to reduce their staffs.

Demand Down

The extent to which the effect of automation on employment depends on the general economic climate is shown by the experience in the British motor industry during 1954-56. In that period the Austin Motor Company adopted automatic transfer machines, as a result of which it was able to increase its weekly output from 3,500 to 5,000 units. In spite of this no workers were dismissed, because owing to the expanding demand it was possible to find productive employment for the men displaced by the automatic machine. This experience was shared by the Ford works in Britain.

On the other hand, by 1956 the economic climate has changed as a result of the credit squeeze and hire-purchase restrictions imposed by the Government in an effort to check inflation. Consequently, when the Standard Motor Company carried out its automation scheme this year it no longer appeared to be possible to retain the workers displaced by machines. Even the Austin Motor Company had to cut working hours to keep its employees on the payroll. With the decline in demand, automation had to serve the purpose of producing the necessary goods with the aid of a smaller number of workers, instead of retaining the same number of workers in order to

produce a larger volume of goods.

The conclusion that emerges from what has been said above is that the effect of automation on employment depends overwhelmingly on the possibility of avoiding the need for drastic disinflationary measures. So long as prices remain reasonably stable, the Government will not only allow industry to go ahead with full speed but will even encourage it to do so. It is only if the expansion of production is accompanied by growing inflation, that the Government must feel impelled to step in, and to take measures as a result of which automation is liable to lead to unemployment.

If the workers and their unions are anxious to avoid unemployment through redundancy resulting from automation, the remedy is in their hands. By moderating their wage demands they can remove the main cause of the inflationary pressure that sooner or later must force the Government to resort to disinflationary measures. So long as wage demands remain moderate, industry is able to proceed with automation unhindered.

No Moderation

INDEED, wage increases are essential in order to ensure a market for the additional output secured through automation. The persistent rise of prices in Britain during 1954-56 shows, however, that the extent of wage increases has materially exceeded the extent required to enable consumers to absorb the increased output.

The workers have themselves to blame. As a result of their lack of moderation the Government has found itself reluctantly compelled to resort to restrictive measures, leading to unemployment.

The extent of ignorance that prevails among some trade unionists about these elementary facts of life is illustrated

Cutting Costs

IS it conceivable that those responsible for these resolutions did not realise that the creation of an additional purchasing power of £270 million a year would compel the Government to reinforce considerably the disinflationary measures already taken? It necessarily means that if, notwithstanding those measures, employers were to proceed with automation, they could only do so for the purpose of cutting their costs. To that end, they would have to take full advantage of the labour-saving effect of automatic equipment by dismissing the workers who have become redundant.

In such circumstances, a ban on redundancy dismissals would necessarily mean a ban on automation.

If the unions moderated their wage claims to check inflation and to enable the Government to relax its disinflationary measures, there would be no need for them to worry about dismissals through redundancy. The firms engaged in automation would be only too pleased to retain all their workers, notwithstanding the adoption of labour-saving equipment. But, by pressing forward with exaggerated wage claims, the unions make unemployment in one form or another inevitable.

High Time

IF in spite of the circumstances, the managements were to proceed with automation, they must do so for the purpose of reducing their costs. In the deflationary atmosphere created by the reinforced disinflationary measures this may mean some technological unemployment.

If, as a result of the credit squeeze and of trade union resistance to automation, managements feel impelled to abandon or defer their automation schemes, the result is bound to be loss of markets abroad and even at home, leading to unemployment through obsolescence.

It is high time trade unionists realised that their choice lies between excessive wage increases with large-scale unemployment or more moderate wage increases with full employment. So long as they imagine that they can have it both ways they will continue to press for excessive wages and, in doing so, will continue to hinder automation.

NEXT SATURDAY:
Automation And
Unemployment—Continued

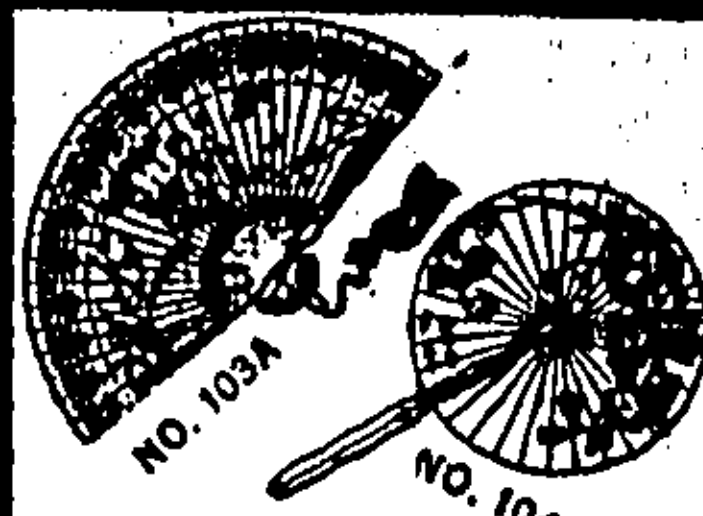
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MR DALLAM GETS A PEEP AT THE SULTAN'S HAREM

AN ORGAN FOR THE SULTAN. By Stanley Mayes. Putnam, 21s. 272 pages.

THIS is an episode in British diplomacy which occurred at a moment in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I fraught with danger and opportunity. It is also the story of the eventual voyage of a Lancashire craftsman named Thomas Dallam.

At the time when it occurred, the Spanish Armada had been defeated but nobody in England or anywhere else believed that the Spaniards would fail to

make another attempt at invasion.

Looking for allies, the Queen thought she had found a likely one in the Great Turk, the Sultan of Padishah, who ruled the Ottoman Empire from his Seraglio at Constantinople. For the Sultan disliked Spaniards, Frenchmen and Italians as vehemently as any subject of the Virgin Queen. And English visitors to his court, by emphasizing their Protestant denunciation of idolatry, almost made the Church of England appear like a branch of Islam.

The two courts were on

effusive terms. The Sultan addressed the Queen as "a cloud of most pleasant rain and sweetest fountain of nobleness and virtue."

Unfortunately, when the Sultan died (owing to an excessive

George Malcolm Thomson on BOOKS

diet of meat, marrow and aphrodisiacs) and his son succeeded, the Queen neglected for more than four years to send the customary grandiose present to the new Ottoman ruler. Meanness and procrastination were jointly to blame.

A chill was felt in the relations between the two monarchs just about the time that England was swept by a fresh Spanish invasion scare.

A present for the Sultan! A present from Queen Elizabeth paid for by the London merchants in the Turkey trade. The best diplomatic brains in London were mobilised to find something attractive. For, plainly, it would not do to send simply another consignment of fine cloth, another fancy clock. At last an unknown genius proposed a clock which would also be an organ.

Shipped

The Lords of the Privy Council gave a joint sigh of relief, and sent for Thomas Dallam from Warrington, now practising the trade of organ builder in London.

The organ which he finally constructed was a compendium of ingenuity. It was a clock as well as a musical instrument. It was a piece of furniture 10 feet high, with statues that bowed and angels that blew trumpets, and blackbirds and thrushes that sang in the most lifelike way imaginable in the branches of a holly bush. It had a carillon and a pipe which made bubbling noises through water resembling the song of the nightingale.

This magnificent machine, after approval by the Queen, was packed and shipped to Constantinople aboard the ship Hector.

Thomas Dallam went too. He kept a diary of his voyage which Stanley Mayes has ingeniously tricked out into a book, by drawing on other material. Some of this is more relevant than the rest. The vitality of the book is derived from the personality of Dallam who emerges as an alert, sturdy, English craftsman, a man of address and character.

Easy reading

His adventures are recounted with imagination and humour in a book which makes easy and diverting reading.

When the organ was unpacked in Constantinople, there was a moment of panic. It had warped and was covered with mould. Two of the pipes were broken. The English ambassador cried that it was not worth twopence.

"My answer to the ambassador at this time I will omit," says Dallam crisply.

He and his workman set about the work of repair and at last—it is the climax of the story—he played Elizabethan airs on the organ while the Sultan listened, ravished. There was an awkward moment when the Sultan came forward to watch Dallam's hands on the keys. Knowing the Sultan's reputation, the organ maker thought for a moment that he was going to be beheaded.

But all ended well—with a purse of 40 gold pieces and a glimpse of the Sultan's harem at play. From this spectacle Dallam was dragged reluctantly away. He returned safely to England, having accomplished his diplomatic mission. Later, it proved that Elizabeth was in no such need of Turkey's friendship. But that is the way of diplomacy in every age. And the London merchants had paid for the organ.

★

Unsavoury

THE CALIPH OF FONTMILL, by H. A. N. Brockman. Warner Laurie, 21s. 219 pages.

HERE is another biographical study of William Beckford, author of Vathek, and a favourite subject with writers of historical anecdote.

After a preliminary inspection of Beckford's background, upbringing and character, Brockman plunges into the story of Beckford's building enterprises. He does so with manifest relief. Beckford's life was singular and unsavoury. His buildings were singular, but have a certain interest for architects.

Mr Brockman is an architect. Chief among the Beckford buildings was the vast mock-Gothic cathedral he had erected at Fonthill as his country house. Happiest incident in the life of this edifice was its collapse not long after Beckford had sold it for £300,000.

By that time, Beckford was feeling the pinch. His wealth was enormous (capital, a million; income £100,000), but it had been based on West Indian slavery. With Abolition harder times began.

Beckford's career in building was just what might have been expected of one who was "willful, obstinate, generous and degenerate," and was pursued through life by social ostracism, well-earned by the wild orgies of youth.

His life was a monument to wasted ability; his buildings were monuments to wasted money and uncertain taste.

PICK UP THE PIECES, by J. F. Straker. Harrop, London 10/6.

MR Straker must find his job dull.

He is a senior master at a prep school in Sussex but this is his second who-dunnit and again Inspector Pitt, the hero of Mr Straker's first, "Post man's Knock" is called in to unravel the mystery.

This story has as its ingredients, murder, blackmail, robbery, suspicion, hostility and deceit.

It begins unusually with the proprietor of a country garage witnessing four of his men run over an old woman while they are on an unauthorised drive in a customer's car. Thinking no one has seen it they fail to report.

But the proprietor proceeds to blackmail his four mechanics and seeing no alternative they agree to pay.

Then Andrew White, the boss, is found dead in bed, his

eyes rolled out, but when Inspector Pitt sets to work to pick up the pieces he uncovers a surprising truth.

It's your meat if you like this kind of story.—H

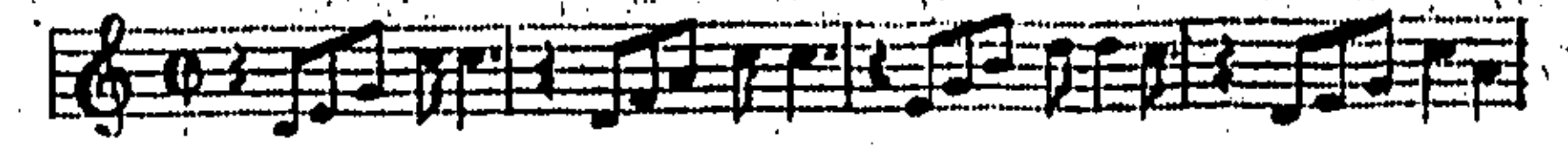
POCKET CARTOON

by OSBERT LANCASTER



"You know, darling, the gossip-writers are quite right—this year the London season really has recaptured that pre-war feeling!"

SINGING?



They want cave-man noises nowadays, says MEL TORME

BUT THEY WON'T GET THEM FROM ME!

WHAT sort of singers do Londoners want—only the exhibitionists and the extroverts? Do they need to have a song flagged at them by flailing arms and flapping shirt-tails as well as being sung to them? The strange case of Mel Torme, the American singer now on his first visit to Britain, seems to prove this.

For Torme is not a cry guy. Nor is he a rock 'n' roll raver. When he sings he does not writhe and jerk like a severed worm. He does not strut on to the stage in cowpuncher clothes making coy howls. And he has the quaint old-world aberration of using words instead of grunts.

All of which may explain why he has not so far been offered engagements at such star-clubs as the London Palladium and the Cafe de Paris.

Torme—whose artistry, taste, swinging quality and fine voice put him among the handful of consummate stylists which Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald and Billie Holiday has made his one and only London appearance: at the Kilburn State. From now on the provinces have all of him.

HUSKY VOICE

Not that the situation is any more degenerate here than in the United States as a whole. Sitting in his Mayfair hotel suite Torme—whose record of Mountain Greenery has become a Housewives' Choice standard—said to me in a frail husky voice like a turtle dove's: "The music now being played in the States is heinous. We've gone back to cave-man noises with this rock 'n' roll craze. You can't listen to the radio any more. I've had a tape

KENNETH ALLSOP ON RECORDS

machine fitted in the back of my car. I've taped the Sinatra albums, the Gerry Mulligan Sextet, Peggy Lee—that sort of music—and I run them through while I drive. It's like carrying a casket of jewels around with you in the jungle."

Perhaps it is significant that parallel with the rise of the rabble-rouser vocalists, Torme has had a personal revival. He has become a connoisseur's singer whose records are bought by refugees from the Teen-Age Terror. The Torme supporters are the discriminating and the fastidious with a fine ear for the off-beat—and he is that rare specimen, a singer whom singers enviously about among themselves.

BIG CITY BOY

Torme got off to a smart start while still in buster suits. "I was a big-city boy—born in Chicago—the blues" grew up breathing the blues.

His father, an ex-dancer, took him down to the Blackhawk Restaurant and there and then, at four, the Boy Wonder sang with the Coon-Sanders Orchestra.

The Boy Wonder did not atrophy. Between eight and 15 he broadcast in "a million soap operas." He took up the drums at seven, the piano at 14; at 18 he began composing.

In 1942 he left school and joined Chico Marx's band as vocalist and drummer. Soon after he had his first film part in Higher and Higher. (In that picture another young singer was making his screen debut: Frank Sinatra.) He formed the Mel-Tomes vocal group. He sang with Artie Shaw. He con-

tinued song-writing. He was an object of bobby-sox adoration.

'I QUIT'

Came hard times. "I was chained to a record company and having to sing the wrong stuff," he told me. "Things like 'There's An X In The Middle Of Your Eye'—you know. Finally I quit the teen-age territory for good. Now I regard myself as a café act. I sing for the champagne-buyers, for those who like it sophisticated and subtle."

"Don't think I take myself too seriously. I think many performers do. We're all vastly over-paid and when I see someone like the pilot of the aircraft that flew me here I think: 'Torme, you fraud.'"

Torme is no fraud when he sings. For me, "Blue Moon" in all its long life had never been properly treated until he wrapped it around with his individual web of silk. Listen to Mel Torme At the Crescendo (Vogue LP) and the new "Mel-Tomes And The Marty Palch Dek-tette" (London)—savvy and savoury as caviar.

I LIKE THESE:

I like these new records:

● Another singular singer, Sarah Vaughan, presented on three labels—12in. LPs from Philips and Emarcy and a 10in. from London. Of this girl with the resources of an orchestra in her jazz-soaked voice.

● A remarkable issue from Columbia, seven volumes of Norman Granz's Jazz At The Philharmonic, with stars like Lester Young, Charlie Parker, Gillespie, Jacquet and Coleman Hawkins clustered in rich constellations of modern music.

MORE SERIOUSLY

By ARTHUR JACOBS

All discs 12in. long-playing. ● All Beethoven's music to Goethe's play Egmont—but just the well-known overture is given by the Vienna State Opera Orchestra (cond. Scherchen) and soprano Magda Luszlo, magnificent reproduction and only a few weak moments in this seldom-heard score (Ducetel-Thompson).

● Rare, non-operative Verdi is offered by Toscanini (HMV). It is the Te Deum for chorus and orchestra, thrilling despite imperfect recording. Backing it, the arresting "Prologue" from Boito's opera Memphisopolis also earns its Toscanini treatment.

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MY QUOTE BOOK

ON DYING HAIR

—by Sally Iselen, an American editor of Women's Home Companion.

● "Now I've dyed my hair red men are always saying 'It's amazing.' You're the only red-head I've met who hasn't got a temper and frolics."

ON ENGLISH GIRLS

—by Wallace Wallace, dress designer.

● "The wind looks nicer in her hair than diamonds."

ON HUSBANDS

—by J. B. Priestley.

● "Too many Englishmen don't really like women. As soon as they stop running after them they start running away from them."

ON LIVING

—by Joan Crawford.

● "I live for today. That's the way you have to live. You can't live in yesterday."

ON BEING TALL

—by Evelyn Clegg, 21-year-old Surrey beauty queen.

● "I love being tall but I make a point of never getting interested in any man who isn't taller than I am."

ON MEN

—by American singer June Hascoc, aged 36.

● "I try desperately to believe that men are superior—but they're always proving that they're not."

ON DAUGHTERS

—by the mother of Zsa Zsa, Eva and Magda.

● "It's a problem, but it would have been more of a problem if they'd been boys."

ANNE EDWARDS

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Dining With The Ants

BY HARRY WEINERT



GREAT NEW FLAVOR



Philip Morris

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TUESDAY, 14th AUGUST
HARRY ODELL

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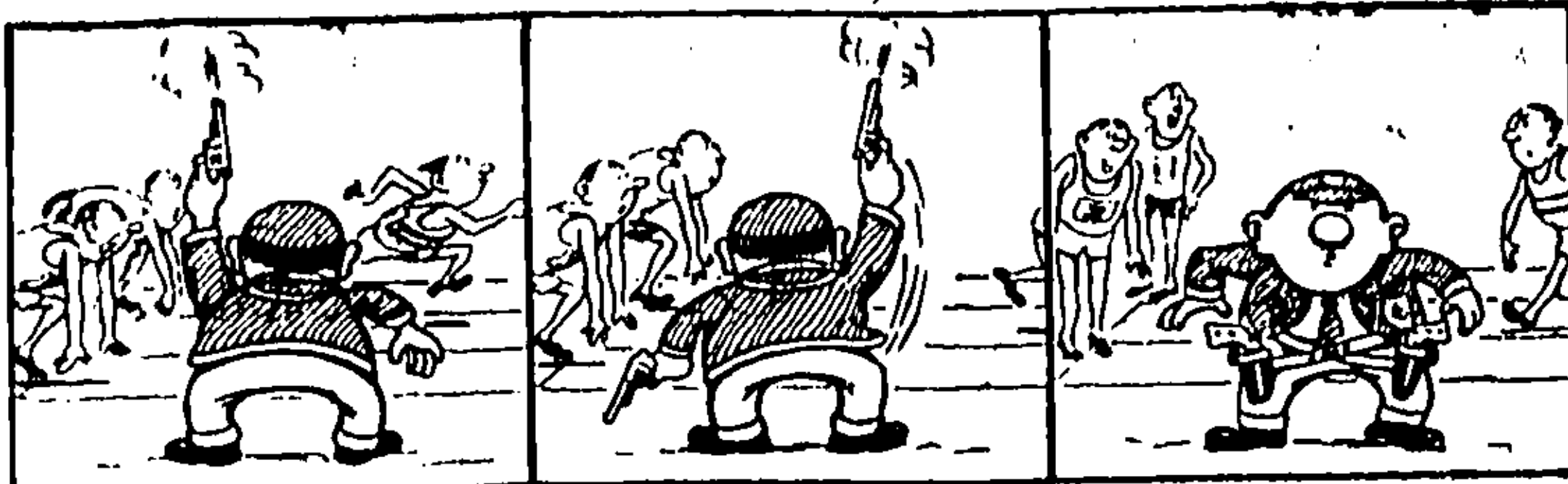
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SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



BRUCE DOOLAND EXPLAINS WHY EXILES CANNOT BE CALLED TO THE OVAL

A surprising number of people have been flattered enough to suggest that if I, and George Tribe, were recruited into the Australian team for the final Test at the Oval the Aussies might just be able to force a draw in the series. If hard-hitting Cecil Pepper (now in League cricket) were drafted in too, I am assured, it would make the issue certain.

Beyond taking modest leave to doubt these theorists I will make no comment on the playing possibilities. They could be very involved. But I think I should explain why no such contingency could possibly arise—at least as far as George Tribe and I are concerned.

Quite apart from the fact that no self-respecting touring side would attempt to recruit its exiles unless helpless through injuries, the idea just isn't possible from our point of view. Even if Australia were in real trouble I just could not help. At least, unless I were prepared to throw up the whole of my County career, break my contract with Nottinghamshire, and give away the benefit I have been awarded for next season.

The Rules of County Cricket are exacting. Players just can't be about here and there and play with any side they like. In my case, for instance, Rule 4 would be immediately invoked if I played any game for the touring side. And that would mean disqualification from any further County cricket for two years.

But I say "A cricketer may not play for more than one County within the calendar year. The penalty for an infringement of this rule shall be disqualification for two years. A CRICKETER DOMINION SHALL, FOR THE PURPOSE OF THIS RULE BE RECORDED AS A COUNTY IN RESPECT OF AN OVERSEAS FIRST CLASS CRICKETER."

So you see, even if the question of playing in the last Test never will at all cost me several thousand pounds to take a on. Somehow I don't think the Australian Board would face up to such a one-match bill for anybody. Certainly not yours truly. And probably not for George Tribe either.

ROUGH DEAL

I do not propose to step into the row over the Old Trafford pitch at this late stage except

to say that I felt that the tour groundsman had a pretty rough deal. And I sincerely hope that there will be no attempt—in county cricket anyway—to go back to the old style of doped turf which so nearly killed the game.

On the broad principles of this controversy I would say that a fair wicket, for a five-day Test, should give both sides a reasonable surface for their first knocks anyway. After that I think the bowlers are entitled to see the ball turn and the batsmen should be prepared for a much tougher job.

But, surely, a groundsman would need to be a genius to be able to command the exact type of wicket required. Especially during the fantastic summer of this year I have seen something of the problem at Trent Bridge to appreciate the toughness of the groundsman's job. It is not so very long ago that they dug a whole section of the Nottingham middle right out to a depth of several inches and fed in entirely new soil and turf. All in an attempt to live in the wicket and present a more even, and more interesting, balance between bat and ball.

They are doing something of the same thing at Northampton. About a third of the playing area there has been similarly dug and dealt with by the soil experts. And a whole new area, adjoining the pavilion has been dug and resown to be set aside as a turf nursery.

All, mark you, to try to get better cricket and, in the case of Northampton, I suspect, to replace the dead turf with a live square which might give Frank Tyson a chance as the fastest bowler in the world.

But I don't think anybody can claim that even these severe and expensive expert experiments have produced precisely what was hoped for. So why should the odd Test pitch going a little away cause so much comment?

I am told that precisely the same malt treatment was applied at Manchester that produced the splendid wicket which provided a pocket of runs for and against South Africa last season. The difference in this year's outcome could quite easily have been decided by an extra watering being applied, or withheld, or by some heavy rain falling at the wrong time. Nobody quite knows. So my plea is for more sympathy and less criticism of the groundsman whose job, in this weather, is often nearly impossible.

ENGLAND'S HERO

Having said that I offer my congratulations to Jim Laker for his splendid bowling at so many of the big moments of this season. I don't care what the wicket was like—and I am assured it wasn't quite as bad as the batsmen made out—any bowler who takes seven for eight in half an hour in a Test match must be bowling pretty

No United Cricket

Manchester United FC had to cancel a cricket match at Denton (Lancs) because they could not raise a team through football injuries. Before the season has started too. In a United practice match at Old Trafford Crompton, Taylor, Groves, Cope and Bent were all hurt!

well. That's what Laker did—he finished with nineteen for 90—and as one toller of spin to another I congratulate him sincerely.

I am quite certain, however, that a number of the tourists have a Laker hoodoo. These things do happen in cricket. As a bowler I reckon that certain batsmen are in my pocket before they ever step to the wicket. Call it psychological or what you like, it is true.

But I must say that it can rarely have happened as markedly as with Laker this season. Why just about half his total wickets for the season so far are Australian! And they have been taken at a much lower average than his county victims.

Jim was telling me the other day that he reckons his all-ten wickets performance against the tourists at Jim feels that he is probably better bowling than his nine in the first Australian innings of the Test.

All I can say is that they were two magnificent pieces of bowling. And I am sure that he is bowling better than ever before and that all his experience over the years is paying off in a wonderful run. What could be better for any player—and in his benefit year?

COACHING HINT

One of the secrets of good driving is to let the top hand and arm do the work. Pushing with the bottom hand not only causes loss of power but pushes the ball in the air and also restricts your reach. Try it.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. In what sports would you score an inner, a gold, and a fall?
2. Jim Laker has already equalled the record of taking 30 wickets in an England-Australia Test series. Who first set up the record?
3. Who is the only athlete to win the Decathlon and Pentathlon at one Olympic Games?
4. Which event did Mrs. Zafopok win at the 1932 Olympic Games?
5. Who was known as "The Balkanina of the Courts"?
6. Anagrams of Olympic favourites: NJHO IYLLDS, DHOONG RIEP, HONJ DYLAN.
7. Which was the first world heavyweight title fight to be staged under Queensbury rules?
8. If in a Test match a bowler ran and delivered the ball under arm would he be no-balled?
9. How many times has Ben Hogan won the American Open Golf Championship?
10. How many players have England called on in the first four Tests this season, 14, 16 or 18?

(Answers See Page 17)

WEEK-END BOWLS

KCC WILL NOT HAVE TOO EASY A TIME AGAINST IRC "GOLD" TODAY

Says "TOUCHER"

The First and Third Division Lawn Bowls League seasons reach their penultimate stages this afternoon. In the two crucial and what may prove to be the deciding games of the season, no fewer than five teams will have an interest—three on the greens themselves and two on the sidelines.

At the IRC green the First Division title will be at stake when Kowloon (Cricket Club) clash with the comparatively youthful IRC "Gold" twelve in their one but last match of the season.

As a result of their 3-2 setback last week by the IRC "Blue" and Craigengower Cricket Club's 3-2 win over the Kowloon Bowling Green Club, Kowloon Cricket Club must take at least seven points from their remaining two matches to clinch the title.

A 5-0 or 4-1 defeat for them this afternoon will leave Craigengower as the winners of this year's First Division League. A 5-0 win on the other hand for the Kowloonites will put them in a very strong position to win the title, as then they can probably afford to reshuffle their players into two strong links to gain the necessary two points from Kowloon in their remaining match. A 4-1 or 3-2 win by them will give them a 50-50 chance of antixing the League's premier honours.

On current form it looks as if the Kowloonites will have an extremely close and thrilling game on their hands this afternoon. Although the Cricket Club won the first encounter comfortably by 4½ points to ½, more than a month ago against a reinforced IRC "Gold" twelve, the Indians have improved tremendously since then as evidenced by their 5-0 win over Talkoo last week. Today they will have the extra advantage of playing on a home green, on which the Kowloonites suffered a 3-2 defeat last week-end.

The draw will undoubtedly be an important factor in this match. Hopes of an IRC victory will be pinned mainly on the two fours skipped by youngsters Sherry Bucks and Barney Abbas.

Both these skips are playing excellent bowls at the moment and with their front men all able to draw well to the jack, they are fully capable of swinging the issue into their side's favour if drawn against the two weaker KCC links.

The Kowloonites once again showed last week their main weakness is not being able to adapt themselves fast enough to a foreign green. They had had a little practice already last week, and although they will be playing on the other half of the green this afternoon they should do much better at least in the matter of weight.

The odds are on KCC to win by a 4-1 margin but the match will probably be such a close affair that it may end with the score in favour of either side.

THIRD DIVISION

At Kowloon Bowling Green Club, the KBGC Third Division twelve will battle it out with the Filipino Club for the division title, with undoubtedly the majority of the HKPSA twelve numbering among the interested spectators on the sidelines.

The Filipino Club can win the title outright by winning this match by a 4-1 margin. This will give them the same number of 48 points as the HKPSA, but a much better total in aggregate shots.

A win for the home team on the other hand, or even a 2-3 defeat, will leave the Championship undecided until next week-end when the KBGC will play off their last match against Craigengower on their home green. Altogether they need seven points from those two matches to edge out HKPSA in the final tally.

Here again an extremely close and keenly contested game

is anticipated with the odds slightly in favour of the home team. In their first meeting at the Filipino Club green, the KBGC twelve emerged winners by the narrow margin of three points to two and by only one shot on the aggregate.

UPSET TRIUMPH

Owing to the wet spell during the last week, most of the scheduled Open Rinks Championship matches had to be called off. Two remaining quarter-final games in the Open Pairs were, however, played off on Thursday. In one of these, the KBGC combination of G. F. Leslie and W. M. McCall scored a brilliant upset triumph over the favoured Pereira brothers, Connie and Spotty, by the narrow margin of 20-19.

In the other game the IRC pair of Ismail Ali and A. H. Seemin gained a close 19-15 decision over Talkoo's S. Skedd and W. B. Brown.

Tomorrow, the KBGC will be the value of the semi-finals of the Colony Open Rinks Championship event. Once again an unusual and unheralded combination have defied the critics by reaching the semi-final stage of the event. Tomorrow this Kowloon four of C. A. Gonsalves, C. F. Rozario, R. A. Silva Netto and A. V. Lopes will again start as the underdogs against their more reputed opponents P. R. Itagi, R. Basa, M. J. Divecha and G. A. Souza.

The other semi-final game should give good answer to an interesting question. How far does the skip's ability go in winning the game for his team? The IRC pair with A. R. A. Rahman, A. H. Seemin and M. B. Hassan as front men will definitely have an edge over their opponents three of J. Chubb, L. Gibson and F. R. Keenan and the deciding factor will probably be the form of the two skips and especially of Hong Sing, who will probably have quite a hectic afternoon.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
IRC "Gold" v KCC
IRC "Blue" v KBGC
Second Division
KCC "Blue" v HKPSA
KCC "White" v HKPSA
KCC v USRC
CCC v Kowloon
KBGC v FC

TOMORROW

Colony Open Rinks
Semi-finals
(AT KBGC)
C. A. Gonsalves, C. F. Rozario, R. A. Silva Netto and A. V. Lopes (KCC) v P. R. Itagi, R. Basa, M. J. Divecha and G. A. Souza (CCC)
J. Chubb, L. Gibson, F. R. Keenan, W. H. Sing (KCC) v A. R. A. Rahman, A. H. Seemin, M. B. Hassan and O. R. Sadick (IRC)

MONDAY

Colony Open Pairs
Semi-finals
(AT HKPSA)
S. Yusuf and A. R. Kitchell (IRC) v A. Mullen and C. McLennan (TC)
Ismail Ali and A. H. Seemin (IRC) v G. F. Leslie and W. M. McCall (KBGC)

THURSDAY

Colony Open Singles
Quarter-finals
At KBGC—J. H. Goodman (HKPSA) v A. E. Coates (CCC); C. A. Coelho (FC) v B. Douglass (TC)

At KCC—J. A. da Luz (KCC) v F. Francis (KBGC); C. C. Pereira (KCC) v W. M. McCall (KCC)

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

TED FENTON

By Archie Quick

Proudly presenting the "fittest football team in the country" when season 1935-36 opens on August 18 will be ex-Army type Ted Fenton, manager of West Ham United. In the usual optimistic vein of all football managers, Ted begins every season automatically expecting promotion this time. That it never comes is a more detail, and West Ham now hold the unenviable record of having been longer in Division Two than any other club.

That starry day in 1923 when United were one of the two competing teams at the original Wembley Cup Final seems a long way off. The departure of goalkeeper Taylor to non-League Slingsby and the transfers of Sexton and Andrews to near neighbours and rivals Leyton Orient, have not whittled down Fenton's hopes. But then, like his brother Benny, manager of Colchester United, Ted has always looked on the sunny side of things.

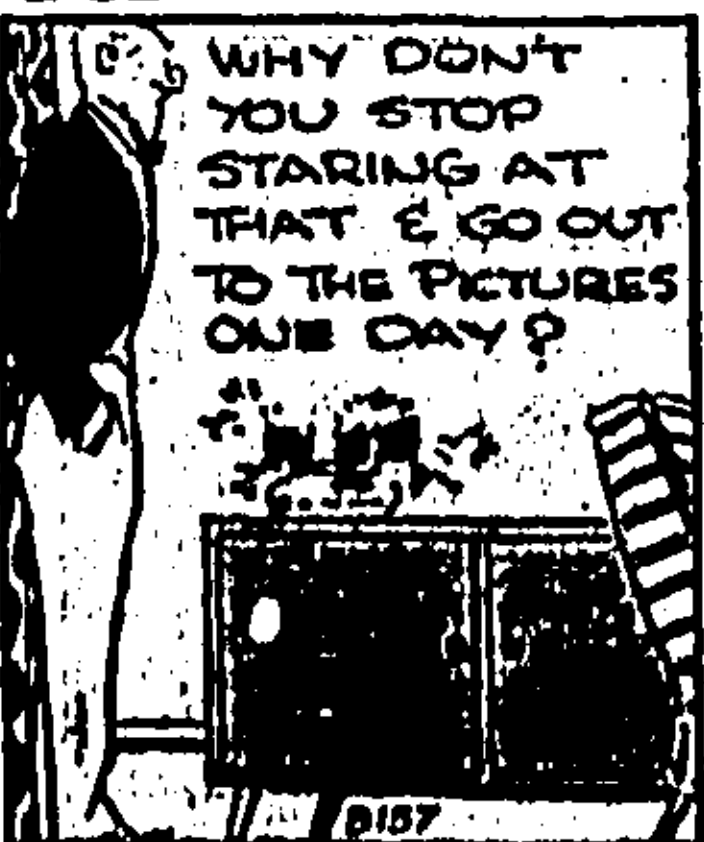
Three times an International he was always the cheery member of the party when the Army Football Association used to take its circus of famous footballers on tour on the Continent during the War for the entertainment of the troops. Cullis, Mercer, Compton, Britton were among the great names in that team and too was CMS Ted Fenton of the Army Physical Training Corps. Ted, too, was an inspiration to the Eastern Command team after hostilities had ceased and before he was demobilised.

GARRISON TOWN

Not surprisingly, he found he was wanted in his garrison town of Colchester as manager of the brave young ambitious local Southern League club as soon as he was demobbed. What he did as their captain-manager is "Soccer" history. They were the original "pots" was giant-killers, knocking out League clubs Wrexham, Bradford, and Huddersfield in one Cup season on oysters, eggs and cherry—plus Fenton's enthusiasm—before knocking under to mighty Blackpool by an odd goal.

Fenton's outstanding war experience was at Brussels. The Army team were there after a tour. Ted missed the plane which carried the rest of the party and which overtook the survey ship hit the head-on with "a 100,000 worth of professional footballers in plain crash". When the party eventually got back to Tangmere there was a hue and cry for Fenton, whose absence had not been previously missed. Where was Ted? Back in his East London home long before his colleagues, for he had hitch-hiked a lift on an RAF plane.

POP

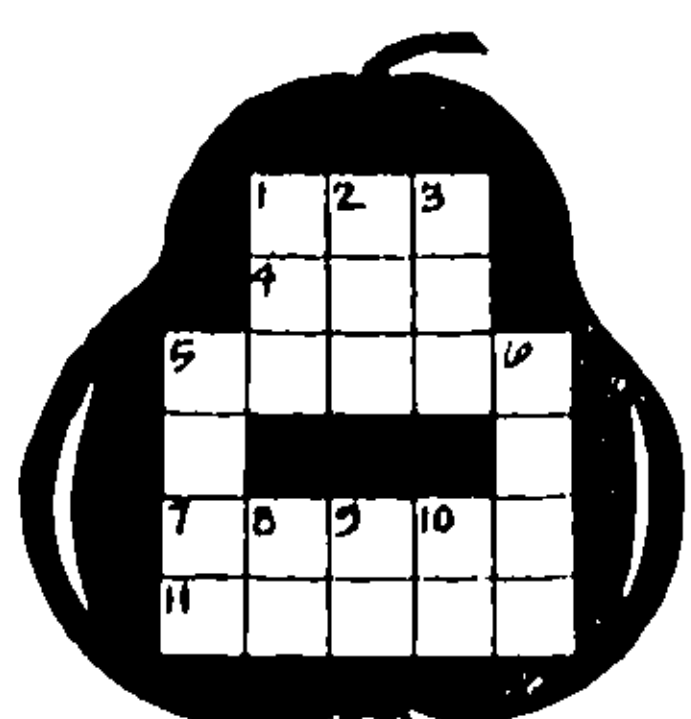


FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

Cartoonist Cal has dressed up the crossword puzzle by putting it on the silhouette of a fruit.



ACROSS

- Female ant (4)
- Protein
- Fruit
- Jan
- Biblical leader

DOWN

- He
- Beverage
- Make a mistake
- Another fruit
- Looks at
- This doesn't mean yes
- Exists
- Total expenses (4)

SOUND ALIKES

One of the missing words in this sentence is a fruit and the other sounds the same but is spelled differently. Can you complete the sentence? They had only one — to split between the — of them.

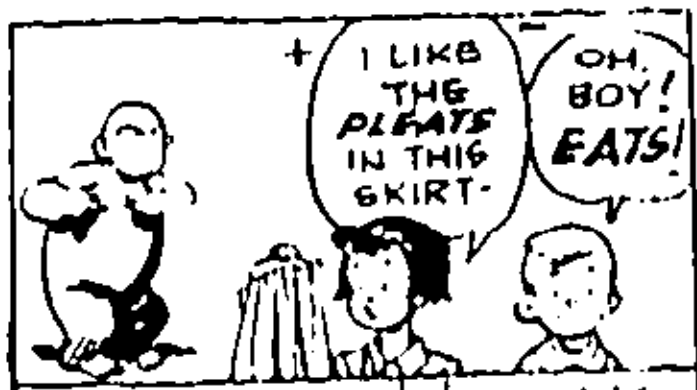
DIAMOND

ORANGES provide a centre for this word diamond. The second word is "brother", third "bread", fifth "debate" and sixth "observe". Can you finish the diamond from the clues?

O
R
A
N
G
E
S

FRUITFUL REBUS

By using the words and pictures, you'll have a little trouble finding the four kinds of fruit hidden in this rebus.



BACK AND FORTH

The Puzzlemaster says you'll be able to read this sentence the same back and forth if you add two Es and four Os in the proper places.
N _ M _ L _ N _ N _ L _ M _ N
(Solutions on Page 20)

HOW TO MAKE A FINGER TO THEATER

1. CUT A HOLE YOUR HAND WILL GO THROUGH IN ONE SIDE OF A PAPER BOX.



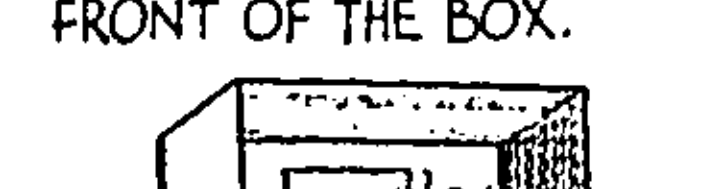
A BOX ABOUT 6 IN. WIDE AND 8 IN. LONG WILL DO.

2. CUT THE FINGERS FROM AN OLD WHITE CLOTH GLOVE...

AND PAINT FUNNY FACES ON THEM WITH INK, LIPSTICK OR PAINT.

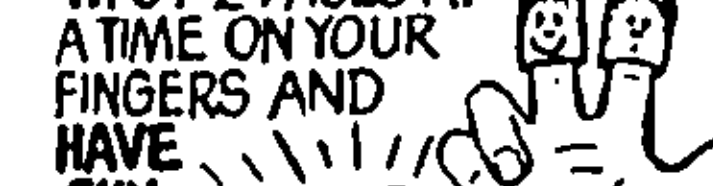


3. CUT A WINDOW IN THE FRONT OF THE BOX.



CENTER THE WINDOW A LITTLE ABOVE THE MIDDLE OF THE BOX.

4. PUT 2 FACES AT A TIME ON YOUR FINGERS AND HAVE FUN WITH YOUR THEATER.



5. CUT A WINDOW IN THE FRONT OF THE BOX.

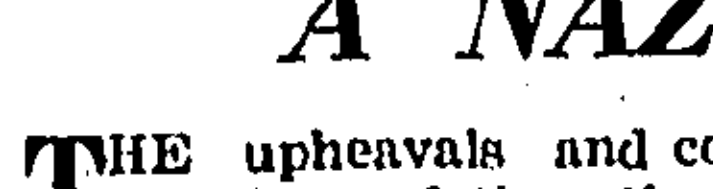


CENTER THE WINDOW A LITTLE ABOVE THE MIDDLE OF THE BOX.

6. PUT 2 FACES AT A TIME ON YOUR FINGERS AND HAVE FUN WITH YOUR THEATER.

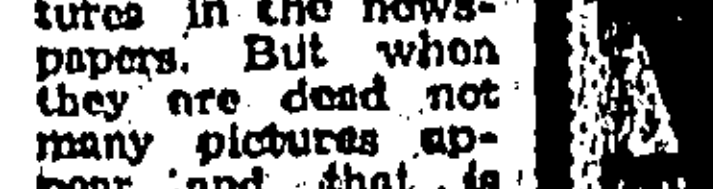


7. CUT A WINDOW IN THE FRONT OF THE BOX.

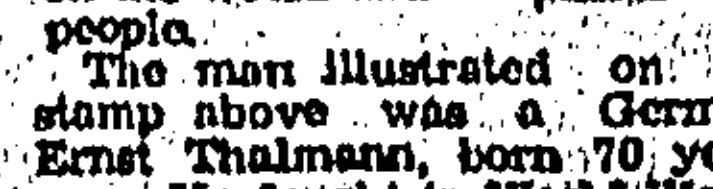


CENTER THE WINDOW A LITTLE ABOVE THE MIDDLE OF THE BOX.

8. PUT 2 FACES AT A TIME ON YOUR FINGERS AND HAVE FUN WITH YOUR THEATER.



9. CUT A WINDOW IN THE FRONT OF THE BOX.



CENTER THE WINDOW A LITTLE ABOVE THE MIDDLE OF THE BOX.

10. PUT 2 FACES AT A TIME ON YOUR FINGERS AND HAVE FUN WITH YOUR THEATER.

WHY COWBOYS WEAR THE CLOTHES THEY DO

THE clothes that the Colorado cowboy wears may look as though they're just part of a colourful costume, donned to attract the eye of the tourist. Actually, however, every single item has a practical purpose.

His big Stetson hat has a jumbo-sized brim in order to shade out the rays of the sun. It also keeps the rain off the face and neck. At night, on the ranch, he may use it as a pillow, after stuffing the crown with a shirt or something similar.

THE TEN-GALLON HAT

When he rises in the morning the headgear actually makes an excellent pail in which to fetch water for preparing breakfast. This is why it is nicknamed the ten-gallon hat.

It will fan a campfire into life, drive away insects, and stir up a breeze when the sun is really beating down.

Then when he finally starts on the trail once more, he'll use his headpiece for slapping a little agility into the rump of that horse, mule or cow which needs a bit of urging on. He can haze cattle with it also — which means waving a hat so that the beasts will turn away from it and go where he signals, instead of where they please.



A COWBOY'S 10 GALLON HAT HAS A MULTITUDE OF USES, ONE OF WHICH IS TO CARRY WATER.

HIS WIPE-RAG IS USED TO MOOP HIS BROW OR TO PROTECT HIS NOSE AND MOUTH FROM DUST AND COLD.

HIS BOOTS WEREN'T DESIGNED FOR HIKING, BUT THEY GIVE HIM A FIRM TOL HOLD IN THE STIRRUPS.

ALL IN ALL, A COWBOY'S COSTUME MAKES HIM A PICTURESCAPE CHARACTER, BUT EACH ITEM HAS A PRACTICAL USE.

THE WIPE-RAG

But when they saw the wide hat, which was introduced by the Spanish who had settled there earlier, they couldn't resist it. Its history dates back to a 16th century style which had such enormous plumes

that the brims were essential in order to carry them. The decorations didn't fare well in the active westlands. But the brims were too practical to be discarded.

As far as the cowboy's "wipe rag" or "wipe" is concerned (which is what he calls his neckerchief), he really uses it for just that purpose: wiping his face when it is hot and sweaty. He'll also wear it bandit style, over nose and mouth, in order to keep out the dust or the cold.

His shirt doesn't sport those loud checkered patterns just because they look pretty — although they do. The colours and a sign — are there to camouflage the dust that he picks up on the trail, since he can't carry along several different shirt changes.

THE SOURDOUGH JACKET

That's also the reason why the fabric is generally flannel, since this is the most practical for the weather that he lives in. It can go from very cold to very hot within 24 hours. If he expects a freeze he'll cover the shirt with a short leather topper, his "sourdough jacket."

— Bess Ritter

Helping People Get Acquainted

By Evelyn Witter

WHEN you are called upon to help boys and girls meet each other, you can bring happiness to others and win lasting friendships for yourself if you sharpen your introductions with a little common sense and a lot of kindness.

For example, some time ago Bess Wiggins spent the weekend with Laura Fawkes. Laura wanted her best friend to have a good time, naturally.

She knew a Saturday afternoon date could be the high spot of the visit. There were several boys she could ask. But how could she be sure they'd like Bess?

To answer her own question Laura took a quick inventory of Bess's good points and a few of her weaker ones.

On the weak side, she decided, were the facts that Bess was shy and quiet around boys. On the good side, she knew that Bess wore sport clothes like a model and on skis she was as graceful as a bird in flight.

So, to introduce Bess at her best advantage she arranged a skiing party. Bess sparkled. Her date was delighted.

Then there is the question of age. When Brian Wedsworth, a senior (fourth year student) in college had a date with Mary Louise Manley, a high school sophomore (second year student), it was almost a catastrophe.

Brian felt as if he were baby-sitting, and Mary Louise looked sad because she felt she was with an old man. He just wanted to talk and she liked ping-pong and other strenuous games.

It would have been so much more fun if the person who arranged the date had tried to stay near the same age bracket.

And when you have a party at your house where all the guests don't know each other, remember it will be awkward for them to get acquainted. Introduce them with someone

I WONDER IF WE HAVE THE RIGHT PARTNERS?



But if plenty of activity is planned no one has to feel self-conscious. There are always favourite games, record playing, or let the group help in preparing refreshments.

So, when you are called upon to help people meet each other: 1. Try and show your friends off to their best advantage. 2. Watch the age brackets and interests. 3. Plan something for entertainment.

When you help the right people meet each other your own popularity will zoom.

— Bess Ritter

Rupert and the Fire Bird—33



As Rupert disappeared down a hole, he had then leapt into the air and then glided slowly down to the ground. Then he

A STORY IN RHYME

The Lazy Cricket

ON a sunny green field where the grass grew tall, three crickets lived, cute crickets all. One was named Rufus, another was Ted, and they worked overtime to earn daily bread.

The youngest of all was a fellow named Dick, and he was the laziest kind of a cricket. He never would work, he did nothing but eat, and he never remembered to wipe off his feet. He played and he sang, he was happy and gay, but he never did one minute's work all the day.

Did he store food for winter? Not that careless chap. He said, "I'll get by," and that simply was that. When Rufus and Ted went to work for the day, Dick whistled "So long" and skipped off to play. "It's stupid," he said, "to work in the sun. Summer for crickets was meant to be fun."

"You'll be sorry," warned Rufus. "You'll be hungry," said Ted. "You'll wish that you'd stored up some wheat for your bread."

But Dick hopped away and shouted with glee. "All work and no play! Why fiddle-dee-dee! It makes crickets dull—that's easy to see." So he played and he sang, he danced and he sang, he never thought once of a less happy day.

Then the grass in the field in. He didn't need much room, he'd grown so thin. And ever since then Dick has been very good. He works while he sings, as a good cricket should.

— MABEL HARMER

Hiawatha Goes Hunting

—She-Who-Sits-In-The-Field-And-Chews-Is-Missing—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF and Hanid, the shadow children with the turned-about names, were sitting in a corner of the playroom just behind the bookshelves when Hiawatha, the Wooden Indian Boy, came along. He was walking very softly in his moccasins with his hand over his forehead as though to keep the sun out of his eyes.

Knarf and Hanid looked at him for a while in curiosity. Finally Knarf called over: "Hi, Hiawatha!"

Beside Them

Hiawatha looked up, startled. "Hi!" he said. "Hi, Knarf. Hi, Hanid." Then he came over and sat down beside them.

"What were you looking for, Hiawatha?" Hanid asked. Hiawatha answered: "I was looking for She-Who-Sits-In-The-Field-And-Chews."

Knarf looked puzzled. But Hanid smiled and answered: "No, Hiawatha, we haven't seen anything of your cow. Is she lost?"

Hiawatha shrugged. "I took her out early this morning with the One-Who-Wears-Wool-on-His-Back and the Old-One-With-A-Beard-And-Horns."

Again Knarf looked puzzled, while Hanid said promptly: "Oh, you took the cow out with the sheep and the goat."

"Exactly so," said Hiawatha, the Wooden Indian Boy. "All was well for a long while. Then, suddenly, I heard Him-Who-Watches-And-Calls—"

"The dog?" said Knarf interrupting.

To The Field

Hiawatha smiled. "Yes, I heard him barking. So I ran down to the field. But she was gone. I searched all over for her. I searched in the Hill-Of-Grass-That-Is-Dry, but she wasn't there."

"Where?" asked Knarf. "Where?" asked Hanid. "Under the Red-Rock-Where-She-Lives-With-The-One-Who-Wears-Wool-on-His-Back-And-The-Old-One-With-A-Beard-And-Horns!" said Knarf.

This time Hiawatha jumped up and ran off. "I told him to look in the barn," Knarf said to Hanid. "I know," said Hanid.

It wasn't very much later that Hiawatha came running back to announce that he had found his missing cow.

He was so happy that he gave Knarf and Hanid each a bowl of White-Moonlight-That-Tastes-Good-When-You-Swallow-It—and a dish of Little-White-That-You-Chew-While-You-Drink-White-Moonlight-That-Tastes-Good-When-You-Swallow-It—and also two pieces of bread spread with the Yellow-Breast-That-Knows-Where-It-Is-When-You-Whisper-Its-Name-Into-Its-Ear.



Hiawatha walked softly with his hand shading his eyes.

"Hiawatha just said he searched for the cow in the haystack," Hanid told her brother. "But she wasn't there."

"Then," Hiawatha went on, nodding at Hanid, "I walked along the Hard-Carpet-Along-Which-The-Wagons-Roll—"

"He means the road," Hanid whispered quickly to her brother.

"And crossed the Wood-Over-The-Water-That-Sings—"

The Bridge

"The bridge over the brook," whispered Hanid again.

"—until I reached the Big-Place-Of-Many-Houses—"

"The town," Hanid said to Knarf.

"—but nowhere could I find her."

"I think I know where your cow might be," Knarf said suddenly.

"Where?" asked Hiawatha. "Under the Red-Rock-Where-She-Lives-With-The-One-Who-Wears-Wool-on-His-Back-And-The-Old-One-With-A-Beard-And-Horns!" said Knarf.

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EAST GERMAN STAMP COMMEMORATES A NAZI VICTIM

THE upheavals and convulsions of time throw many men and women into the transient grandeur of household names.

Most and their way to the public gaze through pictures in the newspapers. But when they are dead not many pictures appear and that is where stamps are different and come to be your window on the world and its people.

The man illustrated on the stamp above was a German which is one of their best. He fought in World War I, he later joined the Socialists as an enemy of all photography and costs 2d. in those German who believed London was a...

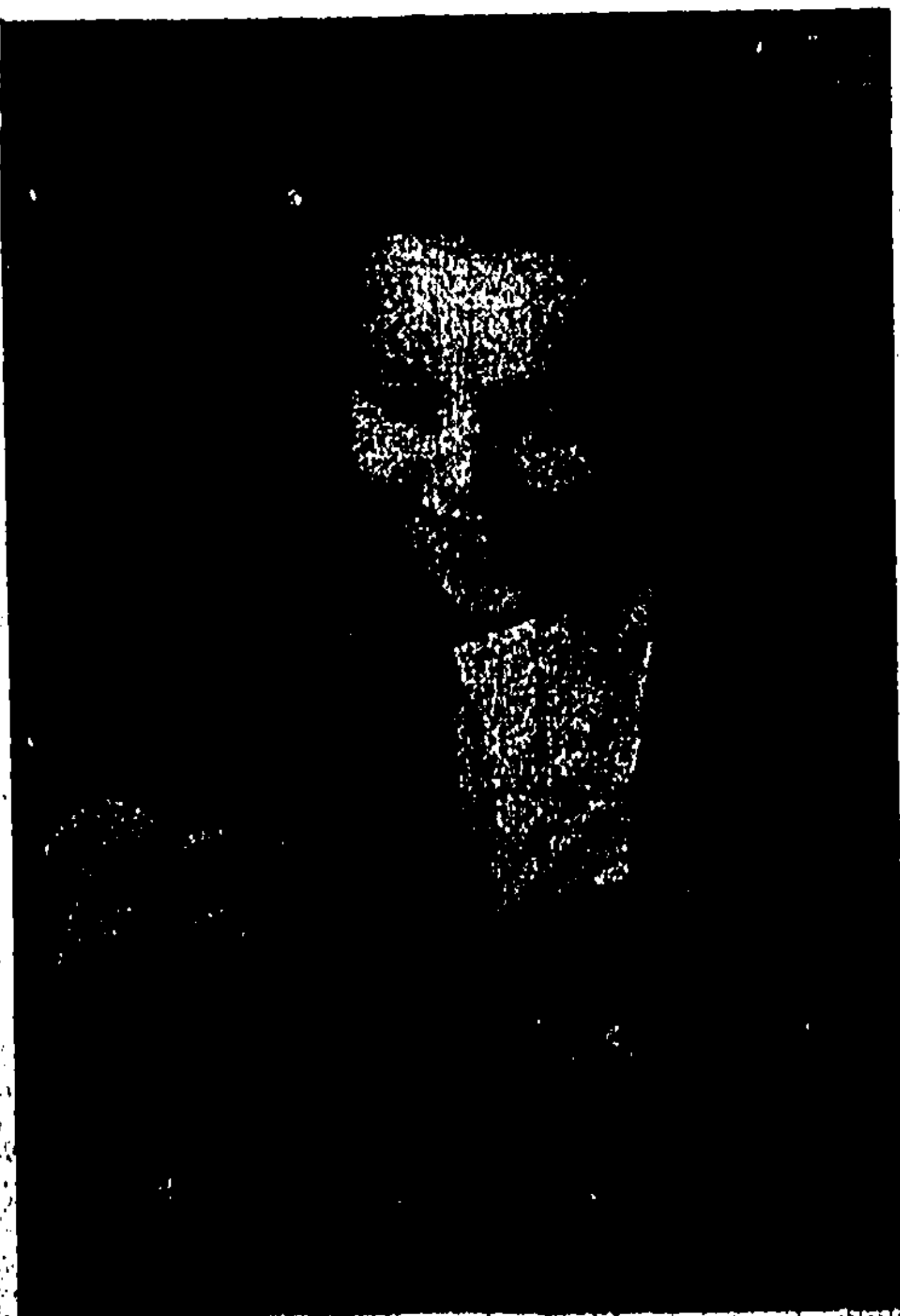


their country's future lay in winning World War II under Hitler.

Gradually, Thalman veered into the Communist camp. Hitler had him arrested and interned at Buchenwald. And there he died in 1944—shot by the camp guards. Trying to escape, they said.

But today for the 17,000,000 people of Communist East Germany Ernst Thalman is something of a legend. So much so that

they honour him in this stamp above, a German which is one of their best. He fought in World War I, he later joined the Socialists as an enemy of all photography and costs 2d. in those German who believed London was a...



Pigeons have carried many messages, but they haven't come from the Communist camp. Hitler had him arrested and interned at Buchenwald. And there he died in 1944—shot by the camp guards. Trying to escape, they said.

